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L. MARIA CHILD, Editor. | Without Concealment----Without Compromise. | DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.

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Selections.

COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

Last week, we gave the report unanimously adopted by the American Board of Foreign Missions, concerning missions in West Africa. We consider it a subject of rejoicing; for if that villanous compound of hatred and hypocrisy, called colonization, can only be stripped of the *religious* garb, which it has assumed, as Satan does the robe of an angel of light, it will be comparatively easy to make the people understand its real character. The free States have been blinded by a false pretense that the cause of *colonization* was the cause of *missions*. If they get disabused of *this* idea, there will be little sympathy left with this prince of humbugs, and chiefest of abominations.

We copy the following remarks from the New-York Evangelist:

MESSRS. EDITORS: In common with yourselves, I am greatly interested and gratified with the action of the American board, at its late meeting in Norwich, on the subject of its mission in Western Africa. I cannot but regard that action as the removal, in the Providence of God, of one of the greatest obstacles to a unity of views and action, by good men, on the great subject of slavery and its abolition. It is, as you have well said, A DIVORCE OF AMERICAN MISSIONS FROM AMERICAN COLONIZATION—a solemn public declaration, the result of actual experience, that *colonies and missions cannot work together*; that the former are a hindrance to the latter, not a help; and that the successful prosecution of the latter absolutely demands their removal beyond the colonies. Such a testimony, at such a time, and from such a source, cannot be too attentively considered, nor its importance too highly appreciated. That I may help your readers to a just appreciation of it, allow me to call their attention briefly to the past.

The board entered on the mission to Western Africa, and for a while, prosecuted it with the highest expectations of aid in their work from the colonies. Thus, in 1833, (An. Rep. p. 99,) we have the following:

"The colonization society of Maryland, which is commencing operations on a plan which promises great ultimate success, has given its cordial assent to our establishing a mission on the site of its projected colony, and availing ourselves of all *the protection* that colony can afford." * * * And "the main dependence of our mission in Africa, so far as means are concerned, must be upon the labors of pious natives and *colonists*."

The same year one of the "missionary papers" was "Western Africa considered as a field for American missions." This, too, gave a flattering account of the colony, and said:

"The American colony of Liberia, is of *immense value and importance* in relation to American missions in Western Africa."

In 1834, the declaration, An. Rep. p. 38, is:

"Nor should the fact be omitted, that though we have no immediate connection with the colony of Cape Palmas, that colony may be expected to afford us *some important facilities*.* * * At present it would be vain to think of sending a mission into the interior, without previously occupying a station upon the coast."

And in 1835, An. Rep. p. 36, we have the following:

"Although our mission has no immediate connection with the colony at Cape Palmas, it is important to remark, that almost all the colonists were engaged in the culture of the soil, and that the prospects of the infant community were thought, by Mr. Wilson, to be remarkably encouraging. The kindness uniformly shown by the governor, Dr. Hall, to our mission, is gratefully acknowledged both by Mr. Wilson, and by the committee. * * Such is the climate, and such is the state of African society, that, until a regular steam navigation is established on the Niger, a mission *cannot be sustained* in the interior without a preparatory station somewhere upon the coast; and *the colonies furnish incomparably greater facilities for such stations than can be found elsewhere*."

Such were the expectations with which the mission to Western Africa was undertaken, and, for a while, prosecuted. How were they realized in actual experience?

On the 28th of June, 1834, Rev. James Temple, a colored man, just returned from the colony at Liberia, and bearing letters of commendation as to his intelligence and general character, from Governor Pinney, made the following declaration in the city of New-York, and allowed it to be published over his own name in the Emancipator:

"The colony is a GREAT HINDRANCE to missionary operations in Africa; and there is no prospect of success in missionary efforts unless the missionaries SEPARATE themselves FROM the colony, and go into the interior."

This testimony was of course discredited by the great body of the people, and, for the most part passed away unheeded and forgotten. But how wonderfully is God, in his Providence, now forcing the conviction of its verity on our whole American Zion!

In January, 1834, Messrs. Wilson and Wynkoop arrived at Monrovia, as missionaries of the American Board, with instructions to survey the coast, and fix on the most eligible spot for a mission. They fixed on a spot at Cape Palmas, within the territorial limits of the American colony. In assigning their reasons for this, Miss. Herald, 1834, p. 212, &c. they say:

"A fort will be built," (by the colony,) "and a small settlement formed at the outset, just by the side of a very large and populous native town. The site chosen for the *mission settlement is half a mile distant*. * * It is true we had very serious doubts as to the expediency of taking any measures for the immediate erection of the house in the neighborhood of the colony; first, from *apprehensions that the colony might* EMBARRASS our future efforts for the improvement of the natives; and in the second place, we had fears lest in case of any contest between the colonists and the natives, the latter might be tempted to destroy it, situated as it would be out of the protection of the colony. Any apprehension, however, that might be entertained of violence to a missionary establishment from the natives, would be greatly relieved by the consideration, that they manifested a strong desire for the education of their children, and *we took all the pains we could* to impress the minds of the king and his people with the fact, *that the* MISSION *is to be entirely distinct from the colony, and will be* IDENTIFIED *with the* INTERESTS OF THE NATIVES."

Showing, that in order to make any headway in their work, or gain any footing in the confidence of the natives, the mission must needs *begin, by taking sides* with them against the colonists.

The mission proceeded in its work, and in 1836, (Herald, p. 344,) Mr. Wilson gives us another chapter of its experience, as follows:

"The lawless depredations of the natives upon the property of the Americans *frequently threaten serious consequences and we know not what moment it may lead to open hostility*. We have no particular fears on our own account, for our destiny and mission are in the hands of our Heavenly Father. Besides, I trust that our personal influence would be a sufficient guaranty of safety from any violence from the natives; and *I hold myself aloof from all matters of dispute between them and the Americans in order that I might be a days man in case of serious collision. So far as governmental protection is necessary to missionary operations, Cape Coasts Castle is decidedly preferable to this place or Liberia*."

On such representations as these, the committee of the board voted to establish a mission at Cape Coast Castle as soon as suitable men could be found; but from various causes this has not yet been done. 1837 came, and with it the very occasion for acting as "days-man," that Mr. Wilson had feared. That colony that was going to protect him and his mission, had to be protected by him.

This, and kindred experiences of the mission, opened the eyes of the committee at home to their mistake. And accordingly, in the annual report for 1838, p. 57, instead of the former flattering accounts of facilities to be rendered to the mission by the colonies, we have the following:

"Mr. Wilson says there are as many as 98 native inhabitants for every square mile within the territory of the Greybo tribe; and he regards the interior, as far as he has had opportunity to observe, as being almost, if not quite, as densely peopled. This is a population *considerably greater* than that of the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut; and the soil is said not to be of a superior quality. It is obvious from hence, that the colonies on the coast will need to exercise great care, lest they prove *injurious to the native population*, by crowding them into too narrow limits, *or getting into hostilities with them*."

During 1839, difficulties thickened and embarassments increased, and accordingly the annual report of that year gives us still more distinct and unequivocal intimations of their existence. On p. 55 and 56, we have the following:

"It is of great importance to the well-being of the native tribes of Western Africa that the strongest possible religious influence should be thrown into the colonies which are rising into existence and power upon their borders. Otherwise, the condition of these tribes, *notwithstanding the sameness of their color* with that of the colonists, will, *at no distant period*, be that of the native tribes of South Africa and in our own country. It would seem to be the wisest course to assume the permanence of the colonies, and their future ascendancy over the native tribes, as unquestionable facts, and to frame our plans accordingly. It will be impossible to conduct missions happily and prosperously in the immediate vicinity of the colonies, unless the influence of the gospel is predominant in them; and their relations with the native communities will necessarily extend, and become more and more intimate. *Of late years it has seemed to the committee, that the field which especially invites our attention*, is remote from the colonies, perhaps among the Ashantees, and especially up the Niger; while at the same time it will be desirable for us to have a mission of moderate size, at Cape Palmas. Indeed, we could hardly maintain an efficient mission in the upper countries of the Niger, without having a station at Cape Palmas, and another somewhere on the Gold coast, to serve as places for rest and acclimation, and as intermediate posts of communication."

On the same pages, Mr. Wilson corroborates this testimony to the unfriendly influence of the colony:

"I think both Cape Lahou and St. Andrews inviting points for missionary operations; and their remoteness both from European and American settlements, *is not one of the least encouraging circumstances to make them so*."

Such were the intimations of 1830. In 1840 and 1841, nothing was said. But in 1842, in a manner alike honorable to the prudential committee and the board, the silence is broken. "Difficulties," says Dr. ANDERSON, in behalf of the committee, "have arisen with the colony, which were not anticipated at the outset." The subject goes to a special committee. That committee examine the documents, and, with Chancellor WALWORTH at their head, declare, "that they fully concur in the conclusion at which the prudential committee have arrived, that it is expedient, if not absolutely necessary to the successful operations of the mission, that it be removed from the territory of the colony." And this report the board unanimously adopt—thus *publicly declaring a divorce of American Missions from American colonies, and dissipating forever the idea of lending aid to the introduction of the gospel to benighted Africa*. And this done, it seems to me, that the last tie that binds colonization to the hearts and confidence of any portion of the Christian community, is sundered, and the way opened for an early unison of views, and feelings, and efforts, on the part of good men, for the extinction of slavery from our whole land. The Lord hasten it in his time. X.

From the Liberator.

MR. ADAMS AT WEYMOUTH.

The public reception given to JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, by his constituents, on the 17th ultimo, at Weymouth, was as creditable to them as it was manifestly gratifying to him. The concourse of people was large, and the spirit which they displayed was that of well-tempered enthusiasm. It was not an ordinary occasion, nor for a trifling purpose. The spectacle was impressive, because it was not created by party skill or policy, and had no other object in view than the welfare of the whole country. It has taught the slaveholding South a lesson which she will do well never to forget. It has shown the utter impotency of the furious efforts that have been made in Congress for the last three years, by southern blackguards and ruffians, to render Mr. Adams odious in the eyes of the people of New England, and especially of his own constituents, for his heroic assertion of the freedom of speech and the right of petition.

Now, that this affair has been consummated, and in order that honor may be given to those to whom alone it is really due, justice requires the statement that Mr. Adams is wholly indebted to the abolitionists of Plymouth county, for his grand reception at Weymouth; that it was they who put the ball in motion, and kindled up the flame of general interest that broke out on the return of the veteran champion to his native district; and that, unless they had begun, carried on, and finished this movement, by their own characteristic energy and zeal, no public demonstration of respect and gratitude would probably have been made, even on the part of those by whose votes Mr. Adams was elected to Congress. It is proper that Mr. Adams should be made acquainted with this fact, so as not to be led into error by supposing that the welcome thus given to him was the spontaneous outbreak of popular feeling. Not that his labors and services, in the House of Representatives, on other matters, aside from the right of petition, have not been highly appreciated by his constituents; but that neither whigs nor democrats, as political partisans, care a straw for what he has said and done in Congress to save from immolation that sacred right, which, in spite of all that he could do, has been sacrificed on the altar of slavery. The abolitionists are the only portion of the American people, who really appreciate and are disposed to maintain, at all hazards, the right of petition.

The speech of Mr. Adams was far from being satisfactory to us. Till within five minutes of its brief peroration, he seemed to have forgotten the great object for which the assemblage were called together. For nearly three hours he discanted on the great variety of political topics, not one of which (excepting his allusion to Mexico and Texas) had any special connection with the real design of the meeting. Nay, it became apparent that he was about to conclude, without making the slightest reference to the lost right of petition! The chairman, observing this blunder, (and, doubtless, wisely apprehending that it would create great dissatisfaction on the part of the abolitionists of the district,) whispered in his ear—what, we cannot affirm; but from what followed, we supposed it was a gentle hint to say something on a subject which was of special interest to a large portion of his auditors; for Mr. Adams almost immediately said—"It has been suggested to me that there is one topic, on which I have not touched, and to which it is expected I shall refer—and that is, THE RIGHT OF PETITION." He then merely remarked that it was a sacred right, and no more could be said about it. It was now violated, and lost to the people. He knew not that he had anything more to communicate on this point, than what he had already stated in his letters and speeches, which he presumed had been read by his constituents. To show how completely all the interests of the North were at the mercy of the slaveholding power, and that the abolitionists were not the only persons who could not enjoy their constitutional and inalienable rights, he proceeded to state that it was now impracticable to get petitions on any subject before the House on the day or in the manner prescribed by the old rule of Congress, which makes the presentation of petitions a matter of right every day for the first thirty days after the opening of every session, and at the expiration of that time sets apart Monday of each week to be specially devoted to that purpose. Slaveholding cunning now contrives to occupy the aforesaid Monday with debatable matters, so that the several States are no longer called in their order, on that day, (and, copsequently, on no other day,) for their petitions! Hence, members are compelled to seize such opportunities as they can find, in order to accomplish that by stealth which it is their right and duty to perform "without let or hindrance." Mr. Adams said that it was his practice, in order that he might get some of the numerous petitions which were entrusted to his care, on various important subjects, before Congress, to send to the Clerk's table all that might happen to be in his possession, leaving it for the Speaker of the House (a slaveholder) to say which of them should be received, and which rejected! So that northern merchants, manufacturers, farmers, mechanics, &c. &c. may be heard in regard to their rights or interests, on this degrading condition—that the object and shape of their petitions be agreeable to the views of *one man*, AND HE A SLAVE DRIVER! "Verily, they have their reward" for persecuting the anti-slavery enterprise, and trampling on the rights of the despised advocates of emancipation, at the beck of slavery! Such a stretch of arbitrary power, on the part of royalty in England, or of the British Parliament itself, would instantly cause a revolutionary outbreak, that would scatter throne and Parliament to the four winds of heaven. Is it possible that the people of the North are prepared tamely to submit to it, like dastardly vassals? Is it possible that they can any longer slumber, knowing that they have been deprived of the last constitutional right to be surrendered up to appease a bloody tyranny, and the last natural right to be taken away from human beings? Is it possible that northern representatives have been willing to submit the petitions of their constituents to the inspection of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, for his gracious approval or rejection, according to his good will and pleasure? And they not manifest any indignation—not disposed to say one word against this frightful procedure—unwilling to sound the toscin of alarm! Truly, the triumph of the slaveholding power is complete, and the liberties of the country lie bleeding in the dust.

Mr. Adams, in referring to this subject, and making these startling disclosures, exhibited nothing of strong emotion on his part, and said nothing specially calculated to incite to action those who listened to him for instruction and advice. We expected a storm of patriotic indignation; but there was no thunder of declamation, no lightning of invective, no convulsion of the elements. In his remarks on President Tyler's course, Mr. Adams was much more animated and decisive than he was in speaking of the right of petition. Nay, so far from enjoining it as a sacred duty, on his constituents, to make a new and still more powerful rally to recover that right, he rather counselled quietude and inaction! For he stated that he did not contemplate moving for a repeal of that nefarious gag-law, the 21st rule, (by which all petitions relating to slavery are excluded,) at the next session—and for two reasons, neither of which is worthy of a moment's consideration. The first was, that such a motion would only make a "blow up" in the House! As if, because the southern bullies on the floor would probably chafe and howl, as they have hitherto done whenever he has attempted to get that rule rescinded, the people of the North should submit, even for an hour, to be deprived of one of their dearest rights! What! does John Quincy Adams quail at the prospect of another pro-slavery explosion? Is he for offering a flag of truce to slavery for at least one year? Has he grown weary in well-doing, or become so sensitive to the attacks of such paltry creatures as Marshall, Wise & Co. that he dreads a fresh encounter? By a rule of Congress, the people of the United States are denied the right of petition. At a large meeting convened expressly to honor him for his fearless vindication of that right, he tells the people that he shall make no attempt, at the next session of Congress, to cause the unconstitutional rule of that body to be repealed! And why? Because he thinks such a course would create a "blow up," and answer no good purpose! "*Et tu, Brute?*" What freeman should shrink from the conflict? It is for the minions of tyranny to tremble, to dread the shock of battle, to turn pale at the sound of the trumpet, to talk of beating a retreat, but not for those who profess to worship at the shrine of liberty. The chance of a "blow up" to intimidate or bind the spirit of the Old Colony! Tell it not in Virginia! Publish it not in the streets of Charleston! To counsel inaction, or to be inactive, in such an emergency, is to be guilty of treason against the cause of human freedom. The obligation to assert the rights of man is not dependent on the prospect of immediate success. To cease to assert them is to consent to the reign of despotism, to surrender ingloriously to ill-gotten power, to hug the chains of servitude.

Another reason stated by Mr. Adams why he should not disturb the repose of the House, at the next session, in relation to the 21st rule, was, that the session would be a short one. What of that? Is tyranny to be resisted on the ground of time, or as a principle? Is not a short session as unfavorable to slavery as it is to liberty? Will the devotees of that inhuman system consent to lay down their arms, even for a limited period? And if not,—as we all know they will not,—shall the champions of liberty be less vigilant, active, or uncompromising? It seems to us that Mr. Adams should have said to his constituents—"A blow up or a dead calm, a long session or a short session, fail not to agitate Congress by your petitions, until you obtain the full enjoyment of your rights. I am determined, at the very opening of the next session, to renew my motion for the repeal of the 21st rule, come what may, storm or sunshine, persecution or applause, victory or defeat. I will enter into no compromise with tyranny. I have not much of life to give, (for the sands of my existence are well nigh run,) but I am resolved that its last remnant shall be actively consecrated to the restoration of liberty to my beloved country. Martyrdom has no terrors even to my old age. With the sacred right of petition cloven down, it is idle to talk of giving prosperity to the land, or security to the people, until that right be made whole, and enjoyed by the humblest citizen in the republic. The question of free trade or a tariff, of a bank or a sub-treasury, is as dust in the balance compared with that of human rights. Stand by me, people of Plymouth rock! Multiply your petitions, your remonstrances, your appeals, your warnings, to Congress! They cannot be sent in vain. They will cheer the hearts of other representatives, as well as that of my own. They will fill the bosoms of the enemies of freedom with dismay. Be up, then, and doing! No struggle for liberty was ever yet lost to the world. But, whether you prove true to yourselves, to the memories of your sires, to the commonwealth, to the whole country, or not, I pledge myself here, this day, in your presence, to discharge my duty at all hazards, and to die at my post, rather than to cry for quarter, or to cease contending for the Right."

Had Mr. Adams spoken in a strain like this, we are confident that he would have been rapturously sustained by the meeting; and it would have been a proud day for old Plymouth. But his zeal seemed to have spent itself, the vigor of his purpose to have grown feeble, and the flame of his patriotic ardor to have become dim. Instead of awakening enthusiasm on this subject, his remarks tended to repress all excitement, to discourage further anti-slavery action, and to leave the impression on the minds of his auditors that evil, and not good, would be the consequence of agitating the question of repeal at the next session of Congress.

Whether Mr. Adams shall deem it his duty to adhere to his present determination, or to reverse it, (and we trust he will not adhere,) we call upon the abolitionists of the country to be active in circulating petitions for the repeal of the gag-law, and to be prompt in forwarding them to Congress in December next. If he shall decline sustaining their prayer, on the ground of the brevity of the session, let a trial be made of other members; and if they shall all be found recreant to that trial-hour, the more palpable will be rendered the shocking and humiliating condition of the country. The rejection of petitions like these ought not to discourage, but mightily to stimulate the friends of impartial freedom. Their moral potency is not abated by their being trodden under foot. Like innocent blood that has been shed by the hand of violence, they have a voice to pierce the skies. Like Banquo's ghost, "they will not down" at the bidding of the murderers of liberty.

On the whole, the speech of Mr. Adams, at Weymouth, was singularly incongruous with the design of the meeting, and the peculiarity of the occasion. It was a gathering of free spirits, to give him a welcome with special reference to his great efforts in behalf of the right of petition, and not for any party purpose. The inscriptions over his head proved this to be the case—"Let there be light!"—"Welcome, defender of the right of petition!"—"Shame on the nation that fosters and sustains an institution, which dares assail, and would destroy, the sacred right of petition!" The admirable ode, by John Pierpont, which was sung on the occasion, was wholly devoted to this theme. The speech of Mr. Adams occupied about three hours, of which ten minutes only were devoted to the great subject which had brought the thronging multitude together! Thanks, too, to the chairman, for this! We returned home, as we doubt not many others did, with feelings of disappointment, and wondering that so great a man should have made so great a blunder.

From the Liberator.

THE MASSACHUSETTS FAIR.

The season for holding this Fair is rapidly approaching, and they who intend to aid it are reminded that what they do for it must be done quickly. Our glorious cause, in this section of the country, is now signally dependent on the success of this annual Fair, for the means whereby to carry on its operations. Abolitionists, one and all—men, women, and children—are you doing something to make this the most attractive, useful, productive Fair of the whole series? Remember, "many hands make light work"—but then the hands must first be obtained, and then put in motion. Here is something encouraging from our transatlantic friends. We copy it from the Cork Examiner. It is full of *Irish heart*.

ADDRESS

Of the Cork Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, to their fellow-countrywomen and countrymen.

"What ought to be done, can be done."

We appealed to you last year, to assist us in our exertions to abolish slavery in America; our appeal was not in vain; with generous hearts and willing hands, you came forward at once to aid us in the great and good work. By your sympathy, by your liberal contributions, you cheered, you encouraged the friends of the slave in that country. The following extracts from some of the published reports and letters of Maria Weston Chapman, and Charles Lenox Remond, noticing the offerings you sent, will, we feel assured, animate you to renewed exertions.

[Here follow extracts from Mrs. Chapman's spirited and graphic account of last year's Fair, particularly relating to the beautiful and generous gifts that were made by our transatlantic friends.]

We cannot read these expressions of grateful feeling without emotion—we hope and trust that our efforts will not cease, nor our zeal grow cold, until freedom be the birthright of every human soul, of every clime and country. Let us "plead for those who cannot plead for themselves;" let us each try to do something towards hastening the glorious day, when the oppressed shall be set free; let us feel that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Much may be done by individual effort, however trifling it may be. Fenelon has truly said, "that all great things are only a great number of small things, carefully collected together." Withhold not then your assistance because you can give but little; the employment of a portion of your leisure time, for a few weeks, may be made, by the exercise of ingenuity and taste, to produce much that may be valuable. Many of the contributions of last year, which cost you but a trifle, brought high prices.

The friends of the slave need not only your sympathy—they need also additional funds, to enable them to continue and to extend their arduous labors. An anti-slavery Fair is to be held in Boston next December. We have been cheered by communications from many of those kind friends who aided us last year, that they are again anxious to give us all the help in their power; we wish to tell them and you that the time is fast approaching when your offerings must be forwarded to America; they ought to be in Cork before the 8th of November.

We cannot conclude this address, without expressing our earnest hope, that the day is not far distant, when those that are now in bondage shall be freed, and when the sons and daughters of Africa shall no longer be torn from their families and their country, to supply the slave markets of the world.

"Authority usurped from God, not given;
He only gave us over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over man
He made not Lord, such title to himself
Reserving."—*Milton.*

Contributions and donations will be gratefully received by Mrs. Beamish, Beaumont, President; Miss Bury, Blackrock; Miss Dunscombe, Templemichael Glebe; Miss I. Jennings, Brown street, Secretary; Mrs. A. King, Sunday's Well; Mrs. R. Lane, Sidney Place; Mrs. Dr. Lyons, South Terrace; Mrs. Manly, Ferney; Mrs. Mannix, Dyke Parade, Secretary; Mrs. Martin, Patrick street; Mrs. Paul M'Swiney, King street, Vice-president; Mrs. White, Clarence Terrace, Treasurer.

And by Mr. George Ridings, 98, Patrick street, and Messrs. J. J. Bradford & Co. 78, Patrick street, who have kindly offered to take charge of any contributions or donations entrusted to them.

September 14, 1842.

CLINTON SEMINARY.

This institution, at Clinton, Oneida county, N. Y. under the superintendence of Freewill Baptists, is well known to abolitionists, as one of the few institutions where no distinction is made on account of color. We copy the following from the Golden Rule:

We have recently visited this institution, and feel justified in saying, that its merits are such as demand a rich tribute of praise at our hands. It is an institution of no ordinary character, and if we be not much mistaken, it is evidently destined to exert an important and powerful influence, in giving a more correct and consistent turn to the education of our sex. We think the mode of instruction, and the domestic arrangements of the institution, are calculated to elevate the minds and morals of the youth who come under its influence, and qualify them for usefulness in society; and besides this, it will probably exert a powerful indirect influence in properly moulding the characters and shaping the destinies of future generations.

The students here seemed trained for every day life, and for the exhibition in their future lives of the precepts and principles of the gospel. The instructions communicated are of a practical as well as of a theoretical character. Young ladies are not trained merely to *shine* and flit from place to place, like the butterflies of a day or an hour, but as intelligences, who have a part to *act*, as well as to fill, in the great drama of human life.

The young ladies have an exercise, which, if properly improved, will make such gentlemen, (as are sincere in complaints like the following, cut from a Utica paper,) "*unpopular*" when they *condescend* to resort to their society to "*talk nonsense*."

"*Small Talk.*—Every gentleman desirous of popularity among the ladies, should have an extensive knowledge of trifles, and a ready talent of expressing himself on subjects of little moment. Conversation in large parties, and even in social circles, turns mostly upon such matters; and the man who can discuss the merits of the last novel, or display his eloquence on the newest fashion in dress, makes but a sorry appearance. He is to be pitied who cannot talk nonsense."

The young ladies meet regularly to converse freely and socially on subjects or questions previously submitted to them for consideration. This exercise will, in our opinion, tend more to discipline their minds and develop their reasoning powers than a long course of study without such an exercise. It is desirable that every young woman should improve it, and no longer subject themselves to the charge of knowing how to talk nothing but "small talk," or "nonsense."

One of the beauties of this institution is, that its terms are so low that any one, male or female, desirous of obtaining an education, may, for a longer or shorter time, avail themselves of its privileges. A compensation being afforded to the students for different kinds of employment to which they may be willing to apply themselves.

The institution has many friends, who have contributed liberally to the purchase of the buildings and adjacent grounds. Among this number is Mr. Tweed Dale, of this city, who has distinguished himself for his munificence to this institution.—May many others be found who will "Go and do likewise," till it shall abound in the liberality of all those endowments essential and requisite to a literary institution.

And may God richly endow with wisdom all who have the charge of it, and make it a blessing to the world in properly moulding and shaping the destinies both of the present and future generations.

A. B. O.

From the Emancipator.

CASE OF NELSON HACKETT.

Our readers will recollect that a full account of the abduction of this poor fugitive was given in the Emancipator of September 15, to which we refer them for particulars. That case is not yet settled; though the slave catchers have got their victim in their grasp, the government of Canada and of Great Britain will not be satisfied to leave his tyrants in peace. From the reply of Sir Allan McNab, it appears that the papers respecting it have found their way to the British cabinet. Pshaw! why will that great government trouble itself about a poor fugitive slave! Isn't it monstrous, now, that even the name of Nelson Hackett should ever reach royal ears? Shall we tell you, friend slaveholders, why it is? It is because he is a MAN.

We rejoice that this dark plot is to be investigated. Slave catchers may depend upon it, that the vigilant eye of British liberty will keep their cursed feet off her free soil; false pleas, pretended crimes, and devilish cunning, will not avail. Let the slave only reach Canada, and he SHALL BE FREE. The following is a recent address to Sir A. McNab, with his reply on the subject:

TO THE HON. SIR A. McNAB, KT. &c. &c.

The following address was presented to Sir Robert McNab, on his late arrival among us; and who, while in England, and in conjunction with Dr. Rolph, laid at the foot of the throne, the address to her majesty and Prince Albert, agreed upon in convention of 24th January last.

By order of the committee,

PAOLO BROWN,
BENJAMIN HARRIS,
WM. ROBINSON.

SIR,—We, the colored inhabitants of Hamilton, and its vicinity, bearing a continual remembrance of your unwearied exertions for the protection and liberty of the province generally, and of the colored people in particular, being also mindful of your considerate attention, in bearing *our address* to the foot of the throne of our most gracious and beloved sovereign the queen (1)—now address you, bidding you a hearty welcome, on your return to this town and your home. We unite in rendering thanks to the God of Providence for your safe protection and return, also for the favor with which you have been received by the powerful and great in that land of the noble and free. Having trusted to *your skill* for protection, and *marched* with confidence under your command in *times of danger*, and having ever found you the advocate of man in the legislature, we hail your return with grateful hearts.

We cannot refrain, however, from intimating to you one circumstance which has recently occurred of an unhappy kind to us, as a people. One of our number, Nelson Hackett, has been taken from Sandwich, by night, and given up to the injustice of slave claimers. The correspondence and papers therewith we shall be glad of an early opportunity of laying before you. Hoping that you may long continue in the enjoyment of your health, your family, your friends, and your usefulness, both public and private, we pledge to you our confidence and support, in every position they can be rendered.

Signed by 178 persons.

To which Sir Allan returned the following reply:

TO THE COLORED INHABITANTS OF HAMILTON, AND ITS VICINITY.

I receive, my friends,(2) with feelings of the greatest pleasure, the address you were so good as to present me on the occasion of my return to my family and friends, and I beg you will allow me to assure you of the high sense I entertain of the honor you have done me in the sentiments therein expressed, respecting my public services in this colony generally, and also towards yourselves in particular, in bearing your address, in conjunction with your zealous, sincere, and excellent friend, Dr. Rolph, to the foot of the throne of our beloved sovereign.

It affords me great satisfaction to state to you, that her majesty, and his royal highness, Prince Albert, were pleased to receive your address most graciously; and I have it in command from his royal highness to assure you, that her majesty will ever bear in mind the just claims you possess on her gracious protection and care, both as respects your well-tried loyalty, and devotion to her person and government, in a season of great peril and difficulty, (3) and as freemen seeking the enjoyment of that which can only exist in a country with a constitution like our own, which not only proclaims in theory, that all men are free and equal under the law, but actually strikes the chain and the fetter from the limbs of the slave, and makes him "*free indeed.*"

The kind and hospitable reception I have met with from all ranks and conditions of men, in the land of my fathers, has made a deep and lasting impression on my heart; and as you rejoice with me in this, I am proud to acknowledge, that to your faithful adherence to me, at the period of our civil troubles and public invasions from a neighboring State, I am, in some respects, indebted for that regard, with which I have been personally honored, during my absence from this country.

The case of Nelson Hackett, to which you allude, has already been made known to me, and I am happy to say has been brought under the notice of her majesty's government and the imperial parliament, where I am sure it will receive all the attention its great importance demands. I shall, however, be most happy to peruse the papers you have prepared on the subject, and you may rely on my using every exertion in my power, to procure a full measure of justice for the injured parties. (4)

For the expression of your good wishes for the welfare of myself and family, as well as the tender of your support and confidence, I beg you will accept my warmest thanks. I hope I may ever continue to deserve these marks of your regard and esteem, and rest assured that you will at all times find me ready to advocate your cause, and maintain your rights and liberties against "the injustice of slave claimers," and any who may seek to oppress you. In the meantime, wishing you all and every happiness you can desire, I am,

Your faithful friend and obedient servant,

ALLEN N. McNAB.

1. Only think of it. The chattels of the slaveocracy, who once trembled at their whip-cracking, addressing the queen of England! Prodigious!

2. My friends! This, to men who were recently called "*my property.*" How it must sound to a slaveholder.

3. How different the tone of this paper from that of members of Congress. The latter seem ashamed

From the Voice of Freedom.

W. L. GARRISON—VERMONT CHRONICLE, &c.

Some of the readers of the Voice may think from my remarks respecting the battery opened upon W. L. Garrison, as in part published this week, that I am for discussing the Sabbath, Church, and Ministry questions in this paper. I can assure you that such is not my intention, and furthermore, that the members of the Executive Committee do not understand this to be the organ for discussing the *merits* of either of the above questions. The reason of my naming Mr. *Garrison* as being attacked, is, because, he seems to be more conspicuous, and more dreaded by some men, than any other man; and because he seems to have been selected by the editors of the Chronicle as the *representative* of at least a goodly number of abolitionists. And it is not necessary to name more than one man on each side, to get at a *principle*. For if Nathaniel E. Johnson (editor of the New York Evangelist) were to be shut out from lecturing in behalf of the slave by those who cannot subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of faith, as adopted by Presbyterians, *because* of his belief, then, we have a rule of action laid down, by which all other Presbyterians must be judged. So on the other hand, if W. L. Garrison, or any one else, who does not think and act quite orthodoxy enough, to suit the first, in turn they must be debarred the use of all the meeting-houses belonging to those denominations which call themselves Evangelical or Orthodox. I think it high time *this principle* was investigated. If it be true, that Mr. Garrison is an infidel, as he has frequently been called, then just bring on your Bible, and *show* his infidelity in such a clear light that the people will see it, and I'll engage that he will trouble people but little more on those points. I know W. L. Garrison comes out strong against many points of doctrine long held by many others, and I am willing those opposed to him should deal in as strong language back, if they think duty requires, in discussing the different points of doctrine; but I am not willing that either should shut the other out, from pleading in behalf of the slave. But one great and *strong* reason, I believe, why some are now battling the ministers and churches, and even the observance of the first day of the week as a *divinely instituted Sabbath*—a day more holy than others—is, that formerly the mass, and now many who profess to be ministers of Jesus Christ will not plead the cause of the slave, while they hold in Christian fellowship the slaveholder; neither will they consent to have their houses of worship used by those who are ready to present the claims of the bondman, be the lecturers of ever so orthodox sentiments; but they must be driven to the courthouse or schoolhouse in order to be heard; and then if they wish to address the people on the *Sabbath*, they are told that that is *not the proper time*—it is too holy a day for this business. The members of churches who are desirous of attending such meetings while their ministers preach, are told that the Sabbath should be occupied in preaching *religion*, and that it is their duty to hear their minister, instead of running away to hear the abolition question discussed. How valid their reasons are, I leave to others to decide. I rejoice to know that the opposition to anti-slavery is subsiding, and I trust those who have got on the right side will not complain at these remarks.

HENRY CLAY'S DUELS.

There is nothing inviting in the task requiring one to speak of the short-comings and moral obliquities of any man. It is far more pleasing to a rightly balanced mind, to recount the good deeds of the high and the low alike. Virtue is beautiful and lovely in all places, and in any garb. But there is a last and bitterest dreg in the cup, when we are obliged to look at the dark and revoltingly sinful career of one who is *intellectually* highly gifted.—An evil example is doubly dangerous when claiming patronage of one who is all-powerful to give it currency among the masses of men. SUCH IS HENRY CLAY. He may be all that his most enthusiastic admirer claims for him, intellectually. There is no doubt on this point. And while we readily yield our assent to these pleasing facts, we are pained at the recollection that all this great strength and excellence have so long been prostituted to the "base uses" of vice. There might have been much in the state of society in Kentucky, at the time of the opening career of Mr. Clay, which should go to mitigate our censure of him for the countenance he gave to crime. But there is nothing to justify his subsequent frequent quarrels and participations in "affairs" of the bloody code. Mr. Clay's history shows him not only a duelist, but the defender of those who had taken the lives of their fellow-men, in such numberless instances, that it became well known in Kentucky, that wherever the criminal secured the services of Mr. Clay—no matter how plain and direct the testimony, or how aggravated and atrocious the crime—no conviction could be procured for murder. In such a case, his high intellectual endowments could prove nothing less than a curse to the society in which they were exercised; as laws against the lawless and cruel became a dead letter, and he who could command the most means of feeing his lawyer, had the largest license to prey upon the defenseless, or be revenged on an enemy. To this cause may undoubtedly be traced the spirit of vengeance and lawless violence which is now, and has been for a long time, so painfully rife in the South and West. But we may resume this part of the subject at another time; at present, we have to do particularly with his DUELING.

The first affair of this kind in which Mr. Clay participated, was in 1805, or thereabouts. He quarreled with Col. Hamilton Daviess; a challenge ensued, and the parties were proceeding to a bloody gratification of their malignant passion, when their friends interfered, and prevented the fight. But as far as the design was concerned, this was as much a duel—showing the same atrocious barbarism—as though the parties had met.

In 1808, Mr. Clay and Humphrey Marshall met in mortal combat in Kentucky, both being members of the legislature. Mr. Clay was this time the challenger. They exchanged three shots, and both were wounded slightly, when the seconds interfered, and the parties were "satisfied." His biographer, George Prentice, of Louisville, in noticing this event, after some exculpatory remarks, proceeds thus: "Of his personal courage, no one entertains a doubt. It is said of him, that the eye with which he meets an opponent in debate, is not more unquailing than that with which he gives back the glance of the foe in single combat. His is a spirit that knows not to bow down or tremble in the presence of an enemy, whatever may be the character under which that enemy presents himself."

The next affair of the kind, of which any record is given, is the famous fight between Mr. Clay and that ignis fatuus monomaniac, John Randolph. They met, and gave vent to their mutual hate, soon after Mr. Clay became Secretary of State under Mr. Adams. Randolph was then a senator from his famous and much-vaunted "Old Dominion." He had taken occasion to speak unseemly of the virtues of Mr. Clay, in the course of a senatorial harangue, and he was immediately challenged to fight by the latter. Randolph appeared on the ground in a huge morning gown, contrary to all the rules of the code, and this came near involving seconds and all concerned in another fight. But as the parties went on the ground to "have a shot," Mr. Clay waived his objections to this breach of the rules, and the parties were drawn up in battle array, and exchanged two sh

lars in relation to this matter, and it is hoped that if there is anything of this kind yet behind, which the people ought to be informed of, that some of those gentlemen who are about writing another history of these and other events of Mr. Clay's life, will be more full and explicit in their labors. Let the people have the *whole* truth.

Of late years, there have been several affairs of this character, in which Mr. Clay has taken a part more or less conspicuous. The murder of Cilley will be long remembered as a most atrocious murder. Although concealed at the time, it now appears, by the statement of H. A. Wise, one of the accessories to that murder, that Mr. Clay was privy to it all, and actually penned the challenge finally sent from Graves to Cilley! One's blood fairly curdles with horror at the recollection of that most diabolical piece of villany and violence. All the survivors ought now to be hammering stone in the penitentiary, if indeed their company would not be too great an indignity to cast upon the petty rascals usually employed in such a place.

I believe it is but a year ago, last March, at the close of the then session of Congress, that the public mind was for a long time in a state of anxious disgust at the prospect held out of a fight between Mr. Clay and Senator King, of Alabama! Two old men, both near the close of a long life, going out to imbrue their palsied hands in each other's blood, to gratify those malignant passions which disgrace the worst states of savage society! And this, too, in a Christian country, and by those men who, for their superior intelligence and virtue, are selected by the people as their lawmakers and executives! O! this subject is so black with damning horrors, that the mind revolts at the idea of compassing or entertaining it—and we cast it from us as we would turn from the massacre of our sons, and the violation of our daughters by the hands of wild and imbruted savages. CAN civilized, *Christian* society pass by such atrocities as of little consequence?—*American Citizen.*

CONSISTENCY OF POLITICAL PAPERS.

Henry Clay has fought several duels. The New-York Tribune holds him up to public admiration, as more worthy the highest honor the people can bestow, than any other man. Yet the self-same Tribune made the following remarks, when the duel occurred between Marshall and Webb:

"The duelist, after declaring, as the most solemn conviction of his conscience and his judgment, that the practice is absurd, and wicked, regrets that the public feeling of his constituents demands that he should subscribe to its *bloody creed*. In what light does that exhibit their courage? They *dare* not do right—*dare* not act like sincere, honorable men—*dare* not square their lives by their principles—out of cowardly *fear* that some of their neighbors will not uphold them in it! *If there be cowardice of a baser sort,—which sinks the honor of a manly soul to a lower deep—we have yet to see its manifestations.* The man who *dares* not have a conscience of his own; who binds his soul to the will of others; who chooses to play the hypocrite; to submit his deepest conviction of truth and duty, to the will, the prejudices, or the passions of another, lest, forsooth, he should incur their displeasure, is the *veriest coward the world has ever seen.*

"But a duel has been fought—and the world may profit by it. Both the men engaged in it have forfeited the esteem of *every right-minded man.* We have never supposed that either of them was sufficiently under the guidance of moral principle to decline a fight."

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

VOLUNTARY SERVITUDE!

The Inquirer of Aug. 17th, has the following extract from a Philadelphia paper—viz:

"*Returning to Slavery Voluntarily.*—Yesterday, application was made to Judge Randall, of the U. S. Court, at the instance of a black woman, a slave, for a certificate to enable her to return to her master at the South. After the hearing of the testimony of a gentleman who knew her to be a slave, the order or certificate was granted.

She was very anxious to return, and expressed much gratification at the decision of the judge. From her statement, it appears she has been at work a long time in this city, and was unable to realize anything for her labor, and finally came to the conclusion to see her old home."

When such a case is reported, it is generally copied into all the political and commercial, and not unfrequently into what *are reputed* the "religious papers" of the country; but with no view, I trust, of trumpeting forth the blessings of slavery. Such meagre reports, however, are calculated to do an inconceivable injury, unless an antidote is occasionally furnished, by a selection of *one*, from the thousand of cases, which are from time to time reported in the anti-slavery journals, having a bearing directly opposite. I have waited in vain for some other writer to comment on the above article. Truth requires it should be noticed.

"*Returning to slavery voluntarily,*" is an imposing caption, from its extreme novelty. The instances of an opposite character are innumerable. Oh! how many are guided this very night, by the "rays of the North Star," in their solitary journey through hunger, and suffering, and peril, that *they may escape* from their *Christian* task-masters! Cannot the reader, even now, in imagination, behold the stricken slave—*the chattel personal*, fearfully wending his way, after having been secluded in the thicket or swamp through the day, lest a being, calling himself a man, should be tempted by a "reward for the wanderer," to seize him, and hand him to the mercy of those laws, *which we are told in high places* are so obligatory upon all, that they should be kept inviolate; their anti-christian character, to the contrary notwithstanding. What an *infidel* doctrine, and how opposed to the genius of the gospel, as expounded by Jesus Christ and his apostles. *They* feared not to trample upon the man-made institutions of their day, when they contravened their duty to God; and as they repudiated them in the *peaceable and non-resisting spirit* of that gospel, they gave an irresistible evidence of the hope which is in them, by the expressive and emphatic appeal, "Whether it be right, in the sight of God, to hearken unto you, more than unto God, judge ye."

It may be, that in the above case, the woman "was gratified at the decision of the Judge." But I would not have the readers of the Inquirer deceived. Don't let them love the institution of slavery, because the "Philadelphia American Sentinel" has furnished the article above quoted. Let us first examine the case a little. We are told "she had been at work for a long time, in that city, and had been unable to realize anything for her labor." She was then, virtually, in a state of bondage and suffering; and the question arises, how far the promptings of necessity may be endured and resisted? In this connection, it must be remembered that the colored people in Pennsylvania have no privileges. What redress for wrong, then, could this poor, unprotected and penniless female expect in Philadelphia? Why, the colored man has no immunities, no privileges there! James Forten, yes, the respectable, and affluent, and good James Forten, he whose funeral was attended by thousands, and a large proportion of white people, *he who fought to establish our "glorious independence,"* as it is called, even he could not, on account of the color of his skin, exercise in any way, the elective franchise! Every colored man in the State is proscribed. Hence we may judge of the slavery of that woman in the *Christian* city of Philadelphia. Her skin was colored, and everybody knows that a stigma is attached to this, throughout the length and breadth of republican America.

The Church and the State alike proscribe the colored citizen. But we are sometimes told that church action has in some places been brought to bear on slavery by the passage of resolutions, condemnatory of the institution. But such resolutions are appreciated, and they will be appreciated, while the churches preserve their present position in relation to the whole subject matter connected with slavery, and the free colored population of our country. *There is one general proscription throughout the land.* Tell me of a church (and I should rejoice in knowing of one) where there is no distinction on account of color—where a respectable colored family can, without opposition, purchase and occupy *any seat* in the building—where the children are indiscriminately received into the Sabbath school, and where color is, in no way, a consideration, and I promise to respect it for the passage of such a resolution. I submit this view to the consideration of every discriminating mind. "I speak as to wise men, judge ye what I say."

But I may be told that in Massachusetts the colored man is not proscribed, and that our State has been liberal in providing that all kidnapped children shall be rescued at the expense of the State. Yes, I acknowledge it; and posterity, at least, will do justice to George Bradburn, when it recounts his unremitting and persevering efforts, *standing alone, as he did, on the committee*, when he introduced his minority report for the protection and rescue of our kidnapped children, and, by his power and the invincible power of truth, carried it successfully through the legislature.

I have granted that in every essential point, the *constitution* of Massachusetts recognizes the eternal and immutable principle, that "God is no respector of persons;" but how is that instrumentality administered by the people? Is there no proscription in Massachusetts, on account of color? Is there no proscription in Nantucket, on account of color? It may seem invidious, if I particularize, and I forbear. The truth may not be uttered.

But let us cease to wonder that that woman preferred to go back to the southern prison house! Added to the prejudice with which she was constantly goaded, who of us know the peculiarities of her case? We have had a slave in our family for months, who left her mother in chains; and I know somewhat of the struggle which was in her inmost soul on account of that mother. *But her father was her owner*, and it was *his* power which she felt and dreaded. And the probability is, that the slave woman left behind her a family of children, whom she had hoped by her industry to bring out of the house of bondage. But oppression and injustice still awaited her. *She was defrauded of her hard earnings*, and she became discouraged; and if *every mother* will not, on account of prejudice, realize the strong cord which bound her to her little ones, there are *some mothers* who can estimate it; and I rejoice in the fact that there are more and more, and at this very hour too, who, in the midst of "good report and of evil report," are inquiring into the crying evil which is in our midst, and which is so tolerated, and sanctioned, and baptized, *and the Bible itself brought in justification of it*, that the truth needs again, and again, and again, to be loudly proclaimed, and *unhesitatingly, too*, that the people may, at last, come to realize, that one professing Christian brother *is actually buying and selling other brethren and sisters, and children*, even as the beasts are bought and sold in the shambles. Oh! what a reproach upon the Christian name! IT IS AN AWFUL CONSIDERATION, BUT IS IT NOT TRUE?

But the advocates of humanity *are increasing*, and they will more and more increase. *The people* will move onward in this work, as they have in the temperance cause, and it will be blessed in their hands. And not only the common people are engaged, but distinguished statesmen—men high in authority are willing to plead for those "who have no power of their own." Yes, there are a few voices heard in the halls of legislation for these, and the friends of freedom and of man are encouraged and cheered onward by the far-sounding voices and thrilling eloquence of such men as John Quincy Adams and Joshua R. Giddings. These men are an honor to the country.

Slavery will come to an end, and I trust, peacefully too. The work is going on, even amid all the opposition and misrepresentation which can be brought to bear upon it. Truth is omnipotent, and its results will be glorious.

Communications.

ALMANACS! ALMANACS!! ALMANACS!!!

To the Abolitionists of the United States:

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—Permit me to call your attention to a very powerful instrumentality, which may, nay, which ought to be used by you to speak forth in behalf of the American slave. It is the Anti-Slavery Almanac for 1843; prepared by MRS. CHILD, and published and for sale by the American Anti-Slavery Society, 143 Nassau street. It contains a large amount of anti-slavery matter with many valuable statistics, showing almost at a glance, the magnitude of slavery and its tremendous encroachments, not only upon the helpless and unoffending slave, but upon the rights of northern freemen. It makes a large pamphlet of 48 pages. It is printed in large type, and on good paper, and furnished at the very low price of *twenty-five dollars a thousand—four dollars a hundred, sixty-two cents a dozen, and six and a quarter cents the single copy.*

As a book of reference, it is almost invaluable. The statistics introduced, the facts and arguments which it contains, and the anecdotes related, are all brought out in a style so pleasing and interesting that it will be eagerly read by all classes. Vigorous and systematic efforts should be made by the abolitionists throughout the country, to give it an extensive circulation. It ought to be placed in every family in the nominally free States. Where is there another instrumentality, where so little expenditure of time and money will accomplish so much? Will the abolitionists meet forthwith, in their respective towns, and raise money sufficient to purchase from *one hundred to one thousand*, according to the size of the town, and order them immediately. By adopting this simple method, the State of Massachusetts alone, distributed in 1842, upwards of FORTY THOUSAND ALMANACS. Will the abolitionists of Ohio commission their delegates to the State conventions to be held at *Cadiz, Granville*, and *Oakland*, to procure this valuable pamphlet of the agent of the American Society? Let the abolitionists in Middle and Western New-York, do the same to the delegates to the three great State conventions to be held about the last of November at *Rochester, Syracuse* and *Utica*. Large State conventions will also be held in Maine and Connecticut some time in December, when Almanacs may be procured. Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, can be supplied at their respective depositories, 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia; 14 1-2 Westminster street, Providence; 25 Cornhill, Boston, and of J. R. French, Concord.

Light is what the people need. Let them understand the nature and influence of slavery upon all the interests of the country, and their voice will go for its total abolition. This little book is most admirably adapted to impart information. Let each town appoint a committee in every school district, to go from house to house, to solicit from 6 cents, the price of one Almanac, to one dollar, that every family may be supplied. Let there be no delay.

Direct Isaac T. Hopper, 143 Nassau street, New-York.

I am, for the perishing slave your friend,

Oct. 11th, 1842. J. A. COLLINS.

LETTER FROM GEORGE BRADBURN.

VASSALBOROUGH, Maine, Oct. 5, 1842.

In the postscript to my former letter, I announced the strange vote, passed by a town-meeting at Bath; a vote virtually declaring, that SIN shall not be spoken against in the town-hall of that place, on Sunday. On the two preceding Sunday evenings, I had lectured in that hall; and wishing to regard the scruples, and even the prejudices of good people, touching the time, I confined myself, in the one instance, to the essential sinfulness of slavery; and, in the other, to its ruinous effects on the moral and religious character of its authors, and the obstacles it creates to the spread of the gospel. But the town-meeting proclaimed all such preaching to be a desecration of "holy time," and bolted against it the doors of their town-hall. I should have exonerated from the infamy of that act, the *people* of Bath. It was the act of a knot of mercenary merchants, and "priestly parasites," as John Quincy Adams calls your clerical apologists for slavery. The latter were not at the meeting, it is true. They preferred, that their "dirty work" should be done by their ignorant dupes. They contented themselves with acting the part of a certain shrewd Quaker, who was master of a vessel, running between ——— and Philadelphia. On the Delaware, the Quaker's vessel ran into another, commanded by a profane, vulgar fellow, who, exasperated by the shock his vessel had received, let loose upon the "lubberly old Quaker" a torrent of Billingsgate and blasphemy. It chanced that John, the Quaker's mate, was likewise a ribald, swearing fellow. "John," said the broad-brim captain; "John, come hither; here is a man talking thy language; I cannot understand him; I want that thee should talk to him."

How nobly the act of a late Nantucket town-meeting contrasts with that of this Bath town-meeting. The people of Nantucket voted that their town-hall should be open for the discussion of any subject, however unpopular, and at the risk of the town. Only one man, and he of insignificant consequence, and not a native of the island, had the impudence to propose, that abolitionists should be excluded from that hall.

But the clergy of Maine are not all "priestly parasites;" not they. On the last Sunday, I delivered two anti-slavery lectures in the Baptist church of Vassalborough, at the invitation of its minister. He freely omitted preaching himself, that I might lay before his people the claims of three millions of our enslaved countrymen. I also received and accepted an invitation from another clergyman, in the same town, to supply his desk on a part of the same day, and for the same purpose. I take pleasure in recording these facts. The time is rapidly approaching, when those ministers who exclude anti-slavery from their pulpits, whether on Sunday or at any other time, will be pointed at with the finger of scorn, as men who had "stolen the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the devil in." With what execration, *then*, will those tools of slavery be regarded, who have excluded it from their town-halls, on Sunday, under the miserable pretense of reverence for the Sabbath's sanctity!

Some have imagined, that I came to Maine for the purpose of waging war against the third political party movement; just as others have imagined that I came to tear down the churches, and blow up the clergy, "per se," as "Captain Tyler" would say. A prominent abolitionist in one place, in which I intend delivering some lectures, was anxious to know what course I should pursue in relation to that movement. I told him, that I had nothing to say either for or against it; that the sole object of my exertions was the multiplication of abolitionists; whom I chose to leave to decide, each for himself, by what mode he may best exercise his political influence; asking only, that none will prostitute his suffrage to place in office any man, who is not an out-spoken, a living, thinking, active friend of emancipation. This is the ground taken by the American Anti-Slavery Society, if I understand it. No; I have no war to wage against third-partyism, and shall have none, unless it crosses my pathway, assuming the attitude of the dog in the manger; in which case, I must treat it as I would treat any other obstacle to the diffusion of anti-slavery truth; I must endeavor to remove it, and expose the folly and hollow-heartedness of those professed friends of the cause, who shall have interposed such an impediment to its progress. Too many abolitionists act as if they supposed right voting to be all that is required of them. Right voting is well; though of itself, and in the present position of our cause, it is a very small matter. One Nathaniel Barney, whose conscience will not allow him to vote at all, is worth more to anti-slavery, than a thousand of your abolitionists who do nothing *but* vote, or attempt to vote, for the cause. The cause owes most to him, who abolitionizes the largest number of people. I am happy to say, that a goodly number of persons, from having attended my lectures, within the last few weeks, have formed a determination never again to vote for a pro-slavery man.

Since the date of my last, I have held four public meetings in Hallowell, one in Gardiner, three in Sidney, and seven in Vassalborough. All of them were well, and some of them largely attended.

There is, it must be confessed, a sort of brightness in the anti-slavery atmosphere of the first of these places; but it is the brightness one may sometimes see in the atmosphere of an iceberg; to me, it was cold, chilling. The secret of this may perhaps be found in the fact, that abolitionism in Hallowell has ceased to be odious, is getting to be popular; which operates as a damper to the zeal of its friends, just as, and perhaps in the same proportion, as it diminishes the activity of its foes. Give me the extremes of Bath; strong, reckless opponents on the one hand, and zealous, warm-hearted, "fanatical" advocates on the other. I enjoyed the pleasure of personal intercourse with very few, only, of the large number that came to hear me at Hallowell. Unfortunately, some good-natured friends stood, like a transparent wall, between me and many that were specially interested in my lectures. The editor of the "Liberty Standard," so named, did not even call on me, though I was in the place a week. His paper, professing to be wholly devoted to the anti-slavery cause, although a number of it appeared soon after the commencement of my lectures, contained no allusion to them, no invitation to pro-slavery people to step into the town-hall and hear what I had to say of their enslavement of one-sixth of our countrymen. At Bath, I waited some days in anxious expectation of an answer to a letter I had addressed to Dea. Dole, proposing to lecture in Hallowell. The deacon afterwards informed me, with sorrow, that he handed that letter to this editor, who promised to answer it, but who omitted to fulfill his promise. These things may be susceptible of a satisfactory explanation, and Mr. Austin Willey be a whole-souled abolitionist; but when, without such an explanation, I shall so regard him, then, without repentance on their part, will I give the right hand of anti-slavery fellowship to your John C. Calhouns, and your Henry Clays. But by that old, stedfast, earnest friend of the slave, Dea. Dole, and his interesting family, I was cordially received. How many a toil-worn advocate of humanity has found a comfortable, a cheering, an inspiring shelter under the hospitable roof of that stern, yet good old man! He contributed one hundred dollars towards the redemption of William Lloyd Garrison from his memorable imprisonment at Baltimore. Had he performed no other noble deed, that act alone were sufficient to cause the name of "Dea. Dole" to be honored and blessed by posterity. Heaven's choicest blessings be and abide with him and his! The descendants of those who have thus identified their names with the history of William Lloyd Garrison, that noblest of all the champions of the rights of human nature, will one day point to that fact with an honest pride, a glorious enthusiasm, such as the children of warriors, of statesmen, of sect-founders, never felt, and never can feel. Of William Lloyd Garrison as an abolitionist, I speak. Of his opinions on other matters, I say nothing, excepting that he has the same right to cherish them, that I have to cherish and express mine.

At Sidney, one or two of my meetings were disturbed. The disturbers were a drunkard, an idiot, and a slaveholder's boy; set on by a pro-slavery pedagogue, who, for several evenings before my arrival, had been entertaining his friends by a display of his powers in "argufying" against the abolitionists. I am told he has resided at the South, and intends returning thither, having a school in prospect there; a circumstance, which doubtless contributed greatly to sharpen his wits and stimulate his zeal, as well in his formidable assaults on the truisms of anti-slavery, as in his subsequent mobocratic efforts to suppress the utterance of its "self-evident truths." He, however, is not the first fellow I have known, whom a residence, or the prospect of a residence, at the South, has induced to villify abolitionists, and endeavor to mob down their meetings.

Soon after arriving at Sydney, I unexpectedly received a polite note from Mrs. A. a Nantucket woman, whom I had met at home, but who now resides in Sidney,—a fact of which I was not before aware,—and whose worse half is on the Pacific ocean; a note inviting me to their house, and saying, among other kind things, "Thou shalt be made welcome and comfortable, as we can make thee, not on account, particularly, of thy *modern abolition* principles, but for the"—ah me, I am quite too modest a man to transcribe the whole—"and thy hailing from my dear, native isle." None but a Nantucketer can fully appreciate the force of that little adjective. "Dear," indeed, is that sea-girt sand-heap to the heart of every "native." "Dear" is it even to my own, who am but a "coof." I have seen many a community of people, on both sides of the Atlantic, but a happier, a more hospitable, or a more intelligent one than that of Nantucket, I have never yet seen, and never expect to see. Of course, I lost no time in repairing to Mrs. A.'s beautiful, quiet cottage, where I spent three whole days, as pleasantly to myself, as it would have been profitable to the cause, had I succeeded in converting my worthy friend, whose conversion I labored the harder to effect, from the fact, that she has a heart, a head, *and* a tongue. Most women, I know, are thought to have enough of the last; though their right to use it has yet been conceded by few only of "the lords of creation." But Mrs. A. uses, and will use hers, without so much as asking leave of lords, commons, or clergy. I think she will soon accept anti-slavery. I think so, because her "only objection" to it now is, that it refuses compensation to the masters. My friend is a teetotaler, and goes for breaking up all the groggeries in the land, because grog-selling is wrong. And since she would not compensate the keepers of these for ceasing from their guilty traffic, how much soever it might distress them and their families, I cannot but think she will soon discover her inconsistency, in insisting on compensating the slaveholders for ceasing from a traffic still more guilty—the traffic in the bodies and immortal souls of men.

Do you know Jacob Southwick? He is a brother of Joseph Southwick. There is between them a family resemblance. I need not, therefore, tell you how happy a home I have had, during this last week, at his charming residence on the banks of the beautiful Kennebec; nor that all his household, like that of his brother Joseph, are of the anti-slavery faith, and do honor to their profession. Jacob was a third party candidate for the office of State senator, though nominated, as many an other, but never a better, man has been, without his consent.

Have you met the Polish gentleman, Major Tochman, who is lecturing, to awaken sympathy for the hard condition of his denationalized countrymen? Surely, the brave Poles are entitled to our sympathies; and their champion, Major Tochman, to a welcome reception, wherever he goes. He has visited Nantucket, and, I am glad to learn, was well received there. But how can they, who have signalized themselves by their hostility to freedom in their "own glorious land," how can such men have the face to encourage the major's lectures, and pass resolutions of sympathy for Poland's wrongs? Is it not enough, as friend Sleeper would say, to "excite a smile in the visage of a stockfish," or to raise a laugh in paradise?

"Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
By Vendome's pile, and Schœnbrun's wall
And Poland, gasping on her lance,
The impulse of our cheering call?
And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,
Clank o'er our fields his hateful chain,
And toss his fetter'd arms on high,
And groan for freedom's gift in vain?
Go—let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote—
Will not the scorching answer come
From turban'd Turk, and fiery Russ:
'Go, loose your fetter'd slaves at home,
Then turn, and ask the like of us!'"

GEORGE BRADBURN.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER BY JOHN ORVIS.

The Yearly meeting of Friends in New-York deserves to rank as low for pro-slaveryism as the Methodist General Conference; that is, if sin is in proportion to the light sinned against. What mean all their injunctions to "keep in the quiet?" To "keep out of the mixture?" To observe the "order of society?" Do not Friends admit that there are hypocrites in their own Society, as elsewhere? And are not they allowed to act in all matters pertaining to the church? Do they not admit that there are devout and conscientious persons among those of other sects, and of no sect at all? Do they not in theory deny that any *organization* is the *church?* Do they not affirm that Christ has a church among all nations, kindred, tongues, and people? That the pure in heart, of every name, constitute it? Why, then, do they cling to their own *organization*, as the only thing that is not of the world? They will not co-operate in a benevolent work with those of other sects, whom Christ accepts, because to do so would be "going into the mixture;" but they do not object to work with hypocrites and mammon-lovers in their Master's vineyard, provided they have the name of belonging to "our society." Oh bigotry, art thou too blind to blush at thine own inconsistency?

Friends have always opposed "a hireling ministry;" but they and the clergy act together for the destruction of abolitionists. Why are the clergy prejudiced against them? Because they do more than others to expose the *corruption* of the church, and the *time-serving* of its ministers.

The orthodox sects lay great stress on baptism, partaking of bread and wine, supporting a minister, and going to hear him on Sunday. Friends make godliness to consist in going to meeting, using a peculiar form of dress and address; seemingly indifferent that their skirts are defiled with the blood of the slave, by reason of "keeping in the quiet" about his wrongs. Is not the Lord saying to all these, "Your new moons and Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with: It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes: Wash you, make you clean. Cease to do evil, learn to do well: Relieve the oppressed, visit the fatherless and widows, comfort all that mourn."

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. LXII.

William Anderson.

William Anderson was a slave in Virginia. When about twenty-five years old, he concluded to "try if he could not do something for himself;" as he remarked to me, when I inquired of him what was the cause of his leaving Virginia. To try this experiment, he left his master, and went to Philadelphia with two of his fellow-servants. After he had been absent a few months, the master "sold them, running," (a common term in the slave States,) to a certain Joseph Ennells, who was in the practice of speculating in slaves. This man repaired to Philadelphia, in search of his newly-acquired *property*. He procured a warrant, engaged a constable, and started in pursuit of the fugitives. It was on a Seventh-day of the week, and they went to the horse-market, where many people congregated. They had not been there long, before Ennells espied the three men standing together in the crowd, and immediately made an attempt to pounce upon them; but happily for them, they saw the marauders coming, and quickly mingled with the multitude, and escaped.

Ennells spent two or three days in search of them, but being unsuccessful, he called upon Thomas Harrison, of whose name I have several times had occasion to make honorable mention. The name always excites pleasant emotions, whenever it occurs to me; for he was the means of rescuing hundreds of unfortunate people from the grasp of avaricious slaveholders. Ennells explained the case to Thomas, and solicited him to assist in finding them; saying he would sell them very low. Not succeeding, he called upon me, and I soon recognized him as a man with whom I had come in contact on a former occasion. I advised him to go home; for his object in coming to the city was, above all things, the most hateful. I reminded him that, on a former occasion, he been dealt with kindly; and I now wished him to extend a portion of the same attribute to those fugitives. He again called upon Thomas Harrison, and finally agreed to sell the three men to him, for $250. He said this was less than he had given for them. The money was paid, and Ennells returned home. In the course of a few days, William Anderson, one of the three fugitives, called upon me for advice. I informed him that Thomas Harrison had purchased all of them; and recommended him to find the other two, and call upon him and settle the matter. He called, accordingly; but he could give no account of his companions. They had left the city, and he could not tell where they had gone.

William was an honest, faithful fellow, and readily offered to bind himself as a servant, till he had earned money to refund the sum paid by his friend. He was informed that he had a legal right to his liberty, in consequence of a bill of sale having been made to a citizen of Pennsylvania, where slavery was not allowed; but he manifested no disposition to take advantage of this circumstance. On the contrary, he was determined to make full compensation to his benefactor. He said he was thankful for his kindness, and that he should not lose one single cent that had been paid for him. It was gratifying to see one who had been a slave all his life, manifest so much gratitude, and such a nice sense of justice.

Many days had not elapsed, before a place was found, and William was indented to Jacob Downing, a respectable merchant of Philadelphia, for a term of time, for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. This was half the amount paid for all of them. William served the stipulated time faithfully. His master told me, he never had a more honest, faithful servant. He became much attached to the family, and often spoke of them with great affection and respect.

After the time of his indnturee was expired, he called upon his old friend, Thomas Harrison. After making grateful acknowledgments for his kindness he inquired whether he had ever heard from the other two fugitives. Being answered in the negative, he replied "Well, Mr. Harrison, you paid the two hundred and fifty dollars, and you have not been able to find my companions. It is not right that you should lose by your kindness to us; you have received only one hundred and twenty-five dollars for me. *I am willing you should sell me again to make up the balance.*

This generous and honorable offer was met in the same spirit in which it was made. "Honest fellow!" said Thomas Harrison. "Go about thy business. I have no claim upon thee. Thou hast paid thy share. Conduct as well as thou hast done since I have known thee, and thou wilt surely do well."

I happened to be present when this interview took place, and I shall always remember the pleasant glow of heart produced by such honorable, disinterested conduct. William Anderson frequently called to see me, for many years after he was a free man; and he continued to conduct in the most exemplary manner. Thomas Harrison never heard of the other two men, and of course lost his hundred and twenty-five dollars.

I once heard a Friend mildly censure this excellent man, for his great activity on such occasions. He cited the story of Mary and Martha, mentioned in the New Testament: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her."

"All that is very well," replied Thomas; "but Mary would have had a late breakfast, after all, had it not been for Martha."

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 20, 1842.

LEWIS CLARK.

Leaves from a Slave's Journal of Life.

A polite note from Lewis Tappan, last week, informed me that a fugitive slave, nearly as white as himself, would address an audience at Brooklyn; and having coriosity to hear what he would say, I crossed the ferry, at the time appointed for the meeting. I have seldom been more entertained by any speaker. His obvious want of education was one guaranty of the truth of his story; and the uncouth awkwardness of his language had a sort of charm, like the circuitous expression, and stammering utterance, of a foreign tongue, striving to speak our most familiar phrases. His mind was evidently full of ideas, which he was eager to express; but the medium was wanting. "I've got it in *here*," said he, laying his hand on his heart; "but I don't know how to get it out." However, in his imperfect way, I believe he conveyed much information to many minds; and that few who heard him went away without being impressed by the conviction that he was sincerely truthful, and testified of things which he did know.

Lewis Tappan introduced him to the meeting, as Lewis Clark, from Kentucky; saying that he brought highly satisfactory letters from Ohio, where Judge King, and General Somebody, and Esquire Somebody, had called meetings for him, and certified their full belief of his story. I would record the individuals, if I remembered them; but my organ of reverence, though pretty largely developed, never occupies itself with great *names*. I should be extremely unpopular in Great Britain; for I should be as likely to recognize the true queen of the nation in a washerwoman, as any way. Lewis Tappan, luckily, had more adaptation to the state of the public mind, and doubtless gained the ear of many, by thus propping up his *protegé* with *magnates* on either side. Many in the audience, of course, would not perceive, so readily as I did, that the man spoke truth, from *what* he spoke, and the *way* in which he spoke it; and I bade them a hearty welcome to all the aid they could derive from judges and generals.

The fugitive informed us that his father was a soldier of the revolution. Though he was quite a little boy when separated from his parents, he remembered hearing his father tell about fighting battles for freedom; and that he thought all the while that *he* was to have a share in the freedom, as well as the white folks. But in *that*, he found himself mistaken. "He thought it was a hard case," said he; "and I, that come after him, had reason to think it was a hard case, too. My grandmother was her master's daughter; and my mother was her master's daughter; and I was my master's son; so you see I han't got but one-eighth of the blood. Now, admitting it's right to make a slave of a full black nigger, I want to ask gentlemen acquainted with business, whether because I owe a shilling, I ought to be made to pay a dollar?"

I was very much struck with the fact, that he seemed to think much less of the physical sufferings of the slave, than of his moral and intellectual degradation. The great idea, which formed the basis of Dr. Channing's abolition, and which he expressed in such various forms of eloquence, inspired likewise the soul of this fugitive slave, and shone through his awkward language, like fragments of rainbow through a fog. "I an't a going to tell you first about the whippings," said he; "though I'm the boy that's got 'em, times a plenty. But as I was saying, 'tan't the slave's sufferings I care so much to tell about; though they do suffer, some of them a big, vast quantity." The audience laughed audibly, and he at once understood its meaning. He smiled, as he said, "Now, you ought'nt to expect words out of the grammar from me; for how should I know what's in the grammar?"

"Your words are plenty good enough," said a friendly voice; "go on—never mind your words."

"So I will, as well as I can. I want to tell you, not so much about the slave's being whipped, or about his not having enough to eat; though I could tell you enough of that, too, if I had a chance. But what I want to make you understand is, that A SLAVE CAN'T BE A MAN! Slavery makes a brute of man; I don't mean that he *is* a brute, neither. But a horse *can't* speak; and he *dare n't*. He dare n't tell what's in him; it would n't do. The worse he's treated, the more he must smile; the more he's kicked, the lower he must crawl. For you see the master *knows* when he's treated his slave too bad for human nature; and he *suspects* the slave will resent; and he watches him the closer, and so the slave has to be more deceitful. Folks from hereabouts go down to Kentucky, and they send you word that the slaves say they don't *want* their freedom.—Well, I suppose they do. I daren't swear I han't done that thing myself. I had the privilege of letting myself out, and sending my master twelve dollars a month.—This was a sort of taste of freedom; for I went round about, and made my own little contracts, and so on.—Now, if some Yankee had come along and said, 'Do you want to be free?' what do you suppose I'd have told him? Now, what do you *suppose* I'd tell him? Why, I'd tell him, to be sure, that I did n't want to be free; that I was very well off as I was. If I didn't, its precious few more contracts I should be allowed to make, I'm thinking. And if a woman slave had a husband and children, and somebody asked her if she would like her freedom? Would she tell 'em, yes? If she did, she'd be down the river to Louisiana, in no time; and her husband and children never know what become of her. Of course, the slaves don't tell folks what's passing in their minds about freedom; for they know what'll come of it, if they do. I said a slave was like a brute; and so he is, in many things; but he an't altogether that much like a brute, neither. The fact is, slavery's the father of lies. The slave knows he ought to have his freedom; and his master knows it, jest as well as he does; but they both *say* they don't; and they tell me some folks this way believe 'em. The master says the slave don't want his freedom, and the slave says he don't want it; but they both on 'em lie, and know it. There never was anything bent slavery for lying; and of all folks in the world, there's nobody deceived quite so bad, as the masters down South; for the slaves deceive them, and they deceive themselves. Some have thought their slaves were so much attached to them, that nobody could coax them away; and them very slaves now reside in Canada. Others think the slaves are too brutified to think or care anything about freedom; and them's the worst deceived of any. The masters say the slaves are a lying and thieving set; and so they are; for slavery makes a man lie and steal. It won't let him be honest, if he would.

Some folks go down to Kentucky, and tell fine stories about how well the slaves live; that they dress as nice as anybody, and have horses to ride a Sunday.—Well, so it is with many of them slaves that are favorites in rich families; but I tell you them favorite slaves are most to be pitied of all. They are obliged to cringe a little lower than any of the others. They must mind and please master and mistress in everything; and please the children, and the uncles, and the aunts, and the cousins, and all the relations; for the master wants him to feel that it is all along of his will that he is better off than others, and that he has the power at any moment, to cut his comb; and he is always sort of jealous, too, that the slave will think he has a *right* to any of the privileges he has been used to having. So he has to mind his P's and Q's right smart; for if he says or does anything that any of the relations don't like, he's pushed right down below all the slaves. I've seen this, many a time. The brighter a slave is, the more he has to lie; for the more the master is jealous of what's working in his mind, and the harder he has to try to hide it. It an't the lightest colored that are always the brightest and best; for a man's disposition an't in his skin. Yes, it is in his skin, too; because it is in his heart, and his heart is inside his skin; but what I mean is, that it an't in the *color* of his skin.—The slaves used to debate together sometimes, what could be the reason that the yellow folks couldn't be trusted like the dark ones could. As a general rule, they seemed to be dissipated, devil-may-care fellows; and I'll tell you what we concluded was the reason—we concluded it was because they was sons of their masters, and took after their fathers. You laugh; but that's what the *slaves* concluded was the reason; and I declare to you I have heard 'em talk on about it, and bring up this here one, and that ere one, that was the son of a dissipated master, till I felt ashamed of the white blood that was in me. And I tell you, the man that bears the best character in all Kentucky, in respect of his morals, has a face as black as the inside of a blacking box. He is engaged in the public works, and takes hundreds and hundreds of dollars. He might run away with the money, if he would; but ever since he was a boy he has walked right ahead, as straight as any crack in this floor. You might ask anybody, from highest to lowest, and they'd all tell you that they'd trust him afore any man in Kentucky. White men trust one-another, I know; but mind ye, they always have *bond and security*; now, it would be no use for this man to give bond and security—for he's a slave."

One of the audience here interrupted, saying, "I thought you observed, a little while ago, that slaves *couldn't* be honest; that they were *obliged* to lie and steal?"

"So I did; and it was true. But this man, you see, was a slave, and then again he warn't a slave. He was a first-rate blacksmith, and worked for the public works, and had money trusted to him; and this made him feel somehow like a man, though he was a slave, too. They *trusted* him a good deal, you see."

"You mean," said a friendly voice, "that if you trust a man, it makes him worthy to be trusted."

This seemed a little too grammatical for him to understand; and another one said, "You mean that if a slave feels that he is trusted, he may be trusted with anything."

"Not exactly that, neither," replied he, with an arch look; "when a slave knows that he is trusted, he may be trusted with *almost* anything—*except himself!*"

When the laugh subsided, he continued: "But the smarter he is, the more they jealous him, and the more they like to hold him for a slave; and the whiter he is, the grander they feel. As a general thing, if a Kentuckian has a little money, he'd a deal rather vest it in slaves than in any other property. A horse don't *know* that he's property, and a man does. There's a sort of satisfaction in thinking 'You're a man, but you're *mine*. You're as white as I am, but you're *mine*.' Many a time I've had 'em say to me, 'You're my property. If I tell you to hold your hand in the fire till it burns off, you've got to do it.' Not that they *meant* to make me put my hand in the fire; but they liked to let me know they had the *power*. The whiter a man is, the lower down they keep him. I knew a slave that was *all* white. I might tell you his name, and where he lived. I believe I will. No, I won't, either; for if I do, you may perhaps ask me whether *I* came from his neighborhood; and I don't care to have you know any more than that I came from Kentucky. Her borders are pretty broad, you know, and it's not so easy to guess what part I come from. But what I wanted to say was, that this white slave was stolen from Virginia when he was a very little boy, and he had been k

as bad as death, many times. I can't tell these respectable people as much as I would like to; but jest think for a minute how you would like to have *your* sisters, and *your* wives, and *your* daughters, completely, teetotally, and altogether, in the power of a master.—You can picture to yourselves a little, how you would feel; but oh, if I could *tell* you! A slave woman an't allowed to respect herself, if she would. I had a pretty sister; she was whiter than I am, for she took more after her father. When she was sixteen years old, her master sent for her. When he sent for her again, she cried, and didn't want to go. She told mother her troubles, and she tried to encourage her to be decent, and hold up her head above such things, if she could. Her master was so mad, to think she complained to her mother, that he sold her right off to Louisiana; and we heard afterward that she died there of hard usage.

There was a widower in Kentucky, who took one of his women slaves into the house. She told her master one day that seven of the young girls had poked fun at her for the way she was living. This raised his *ambition*. 'I'll teach 'em to make fun!' said he. So he sent the woman away, and ordered the young girls to come to him, one by one." [An ill-mannered and gross laughter, among the boys of the audience, here seemed to embarrass him.] "Perhaps I had better not try to tell this story," he continued; "for I cannot tell it as it was; though surely it is more shameful to have such things *done*, than it is to *tell* of 'em. He got mad with the girls, because they complained to their mothers; but he didn't like to punish 'em for that, for fear it would make a talk. So he ordered 'em to go out into the field to do work that was too hard for 'em. Six of 'em said they couldn't do it; but the mother of the seventh, guessing what it was for, told her to go, and do the best she could. The other six was every one of 'em tied up naked, and flogged, for disobeying orders. Now, who would like to be a slave, even if there was nothing bad about it but such treatment of his sisters and daughters? But there's a worse thing yet about slavery; the worst thing in the whole lot; though it's all bad, from the butt end to the *pint*. I mean the *patter-rollers* (patrols.) I suppose you know that they have patter-rollers to go round o' nights, to see that the slaves are all in, and not planning any mischief? Now, these are jest about the worst fellows that can be found; as bad as any you could pick up on the wharves. The reason is, you see, that no decent man will undertake the business.—Gentlemen in Kentucky are ready enough to hire such jobs done; but if you was to ask any of them to *be* a patter-roller, he would look upon it as a right down insult, and likely enough would blow out your brains for an answer. They're mighty handy with pistols down there; and if a man don't resent anything that's put upon him, they call him Poke-easy. The slaves catch it, too; and them as won't fight, is called Poke-easy.—But as I was telling ye, they hire these patter-rollers, and they have to take the meanest fellows above ground; and because they are so mortal sure the slaves don't *want* their freedom, they have to put all power into their hands, to do with the niggers jest as they like. If a slave don't open his door to them, at any time of night, they break it down. They steal his money, if they can find it, and act just as they please with his wives and daughters. If a husband dares to say a word, or even look as if he wasn't quite satisfied, they tie him up and give him thirty-nine lashes. If there's any likely young girls in a slave's hut, they're mighty apt to have business there; especially if they think any colored young man takes a fancy to any of 'em. Maybe he'll get a pass from his master, and go to see the young girl for a few hours. The patter-rollers break in and find him there. They'll abuse the girl as bad as they can, a purpose to provoke him. If he looks cross, they give him a flogging, tear up his pass, turn him out of doors, and then take him up and whip him for being out without a pass. If the slave says they tore it up, they swear he lies; and nine times out of ten the master won't come out again 'em; for they say it won't *do* to let the niggers suppose they may complain of the patter-rollers; they must be taught that it's their business to obey 'em in everything; and the patter-roller knows that very well. Oh, how often I've seen the poor girls sob and cry, when there's been such goings on! May be you think, because they're slaves, they an't got no feeling and no shame? A woman's being a slave, don't stop her having genteel ideas; that is, according to their way, and as far as they *can*. They know they must submit to their masters; besides, their masters, maybe, dress 'em up, and make 'em little presents, and give 'em more privileges, while the whim lasts; but that an't like having a parcel of low, dirty, swearing, drunk patter-rollers let loose among 'em, like so many hogs. This breaks down their spirits dreadfully, and makes 'em wish they was dead.

Now who among you would like to have *your* wives, and daughters, and sisters, in *such* a situation? This is what every slave in all these States is exposed to.—Yet folks go from these parts down to Kentucky, and come back, and say the slaves have enough to eat and drink, and they are very happy, and they wouldn't mind it much to be slaves themselves. I'd like to have 'em try it; it would teach 'em a little more than they know now. I'm not going to deny that Kentucky is better than other slave States, in respect of her laws; and she has the best name, too, about treating her slaves. But one great reason of that is, they are proud about punishing in *public*. If a man ties his slave up in the market-place, and flogs him till he can't stand, the neighbors all cry out, 'What a shame! The man has no regard to his character. What an abominable thing to have that nigger screaming where *everybody can hear!* Shame on him, to do such things in public!'

But if the same man flogs his slave ten times as bad, up garret, or down cellar, with his mouth stopped, that he mayn't make a noise, or off in the woods, out of hearing—it's all well enough. If his neighbors hear of it, they only say, 'Well, of course there's no managing niggers without letting 'em know who's master.' And there's an end of the business. The law, to be sure, don't allow such cruel floggings; but how's a slave going to get the law of his master? The law won't let him, nor any of the slaves, testify; and if the neighbors know anything about it, they *won't* testify. For it wont *do* to let the slaves think they would be upheld in complaining of master or overseer. I told you in the beginning, that it wouldn't *do* to let the slave think he is a *man*. That would spoil slavery, clean entirely.—No; this is the cruelty of the thing—A SLAVE CAN'T BE A MAN. He *must* be made a brute; but he an't a brute, neither, if he had a chance to act himself out. Many a one of 'em is right smart, I tell you. But a horse *can't* speak, and a slave *dare't*; and that's the best way I can tell the story."

Next week, I will continue the remarks by this ignorant but naturally intelligent slave. They are valuable for their honest directness and simplicity, and as sketches of scenes from one who dwelt in the midst of them. As he stood side by side with Lewis Tappan, one could hardly perceive that he was a shade darker. Many a New England farmer, tanned by the sun, is as brown as he. What he *might* have been, with common advantages for education, is shown by his shrewd conclusions, and the large ideas which his soul struggled so hard to utter in imperfect language. He lectured three evenings. Toward the close of the second, Isaac T. Hopper rose and repeated some of his anecdotes of fugitive slaves. The audience were evidently much entertained; and the Kentuckian refugee seemed as if touched by an electric chain. "The more that old gentleman says," exclaimed he, "the more it puts me in mind of."

As there seemed some danger of talking all night, an adjournment was proposed, and carried.

The audience continually increased each successive evening, and listened throughout with great attention, and without the slightest demonstration of disrespect, or impatience. A slaveholder from Mississippi was present, and was requested to declare openly if any of the statements appeared to him incorrect. He said nothing in the meeting; and Mr. Tappan declared that he admitted, out of doors, that he had heard nothing incredible. He *says* he is going to emancipate his slaves forthwith. God give him grace to keep his word! His person was not pointed out to the audience, nor was he addressed by name; for the same reason that one would not like to point out a reformed man, who had been in the penitentiary for stealing horses. Men are beginning to blush at being slaveholders, unless they have a throng of slaveholders around them, to keep them in countenance.—L. M. C.

THE PHILADELPHIA FAIR.—Keep it in mind, friends. The time draws nigh. We have just received from Ohio, a very beautiful patchwork quilt, to be sent on for this occasion. The quilting is so tasteful, and elaborately neat, that the wrong side is as handsome as the nicest Marseilles. All Free Labor, thread and all.

THE CROTON CELEBRATION.

Whoever could see New-York but once, should have seen it on the 14th, when the whole city came out in their Sunday's best, to welcome the introduction of the Croton Water. It was by far the most imposing pageant I ever witnessed. It did'nt "beat all Nature," but it beat everything *except* Nature. The sun, as he rose, was greeted by the discharge of a hundred guns, and the joyful ringing of all the bells. The shipping, and all the public buildings, and vehicles, were gaily dressed with flags, streamers, evergreens, and flowers. The grand procession formed at the Battery, and passed through Broadway to Union Park, at the opposite extremity of the city, and wheeling round, returned down the Bowery. It was six or seven miles long, and contained more than 15,000 persons. All along the route, the roofs, balconies, and windows of the houses were crowded with spectators. The military companies were unusually brilliant; but amid all the glitter, none attracted so much attention as the Highland regiment, in tartan plaids and tunics, with their band playing the bagpipe. They were more than mere soldiers; they linked the Present with the Past, and brought up romantic recollections of history and song.

The firemen were out in such numbers, that there seemed to be whole miles of them. Including companies from Philadelphia, New Haven, New Jersey, and Baltimore, they are said to have numbered four thousand. They all wore their fire-proof hats, and new red baize shirts, as neat as a row of new pins. The engines all seemed newly painted and burnished for the occasion; and many of them were elegant enough for the little Prince Regent's chariot; that of the Fairmount company, from Philadelphia, was singularly beautiful. The ropes were completely entwined with pink and white, or blue and white, and every part of the machines and apparatus were decorated with flags, streamers, ribbons, evergreens, and flowers. Such acres of dahlias were never seen! dahlias on the horses, dahlias on the banners, dahlias on the engines! whole ropes of dahlias, like strings of large, many colored beads. The gorgeous banner presented by the City Corporation to the Fire Department, was carried on a carpeted platform, drawn by four white horses, richly caparisoned, each led by a tall black man, in Asiatic costume. This banner was of rich mazarine blue, with cord and tassels of crimson and amber. It represents, on one side, Neptune triumphant over the Demon of Fire; on the other, the City of New-York appears, as a crowned queen, pointing to the Croton aqueduct. It is surmounted by a magnificent eagle. Many of the fire companies carried temperance banners; and these were often cheered as they passed. One of the engines was called the Naiad, and bore the figure of a water-nymph. It took strong hold of my imagination; it so strongly mingled the graceful youth time of the world with the toil and bustle of the present. As I looked at it, the Ages seemed to be wheeling round me in a mystic dance; and beautiful among them, as a star, was that fair old Grecian time.

Were I to tell you how all the trades were represented, the account would be as long as the procession. The workmen of the Croton Pipe department were out in ten or a dozen carriages, loaded with pipe of all sizes, which they were hammering, soldering, &c. They were dressed in uniform, with bands about their hats. A small boat, mounted on wheels, was garlanded, and filled with little girls and boys, bearing flags and bouquets. This was inscribed, "The Sisters of Croton Lake."

In the midst of the Printers, was a car, bearing the identical press on which Franklin worked in London; and in his old arm-chair, was seated Col. Stone, the *oldest* representative of the craft in New-York, presiding over the working off, and distribution of an Ode composed for the occasion. The Hibernian Emigration Society made a very handsome appearance, with their long green scarfs, sprigs of shamrock, and harps for banners. Gold and silver artisans carried aloft, in glittering splendor, the richest specimens of their trades. The market boys, in clean, white aprons, escorted a car filled with calves and lambs. A tremendous long line of butchers, with checked sleeves and flowing white aprons, were out on horseback. In their midst was a gigantic stuffed ox, borne on a car. This was to me a most disagreeable part of the procession. I turned away, and was fain to shut it out. Yet I did not turn away from the soldiers; and they are merely butchers with trappings and music. Moreover, if I eat meat, what right have I to loathe a butcher? It is like a slave *holder* despising the slave *trader* whom he employs.

The Temperance Societies closed the long line; but their numbers were much diminished by the absence of numerous members belonging to various other departments. They carried banners of various devices, among which I particularly noticed a decanter bottom upwards, the liquor run out, bearing the motto, "Right side up." Bottles bottom upwards were likewise carried on poles. The Howard Society had a large, old-fashioned well-sweep, with the "moss covered bucket," on a platform drawn by horses. This was filled with Croton water, which they distributed to the multitude, as they passed. On another car was a cask of Croton water, under a banner of evergreens and flowers. As they went, they obtained signatures to the cold water pledge. The ladies of the Marshall Temperance Society brought up the rear, in open barouches.

But the most beautiful was the Fountains! *So* beautiful, that the first sight made me laugh, and wonder, and would have made me dance, had it not been for that hateful, eternal pressure of the public eye. I am a novice, and easily made wild with beauty; but those accustomed to the splendid displays of France and Italy, say the world offers nothing to equal the magnificence of the New-York *jets*. There is such a head of water, that it throws the column sixty feet into the air, and drops it into the basin in a shower of diamonds. The one in the Park, opposite the Astor house, consists of one large, central pipe, with eighteen subordinate jets in a basin a hundred feet broad. By shifting the plate on the conduit pipe, these fountains can be made to assume various shapes: The Maid of the Mist, the Croton Plume, the Vase, the Dome, the Bouquet, the Sheaf of Wheat, and the Weeping-willow. As the sun shone on the sparkling drops, through mist and feathery foam, rainbows danced at the sides, as if they came to celebrate a marriage between the Spirits of Light and the Water Spirits. My soul jumped and clapped its hands within me, rejoicing in exceeding beauty.

The Fountain in Union Park is smaller, but scarcely less beautiful—a weeping-willow of crystal drops—now sporting as gracefully as Undine in her wildest moods, and then sinking into the vase under a veil of woven pearl. In the evening, they illuminated this Fountain with colored fireworks, kindling the cloud of mist with many-colored gems; as if the Water Spirits had had another wedding with Fairies of the Diamond Mines.

The procession very appropriately moved from the large Fountain to the lesser one in Union Park. Little temporary fountains, formed with hose, were playing very prettily in various places on the route. In front of the Park Fountain, two hundred ladies and gentlemen of the New-York Sacred Music Society, sung the following Ode, written for the occasion, by George P. Morris:

Gushing from this living fountain,
Music pours a falling strain,
As the goddess of the mountain
Comes with all her sparkling train.
From her grotto-springs advancing,
Glittering in her feathery spray,
Woodland fays beside her dancing,
She pursues her winding way.

Gently o'er the rippling water,
In her coral shallop bright,
Glides the rock-king's dove-eyed daughter,
Deck'd in robes of virgin white.
Nymphs and Naiads, sweetly smiling,
Urge her bark with pearly hand,
Merrily the sylph beguiling
From the nooks of fairy land.

Swimming on the snow-curled billow,
See the river spirits fair,
Lay their cheeks, as on a pillow,
With the foam beads in their hair.
Thus attended, hither wending,
Floats the lovely Oread now,
Eden's arch of promise bending
Over her translucent brow.

Hail the wanderer from a far-land!
Bind her flowing tresses up!
Crown her with a fadeless garland,
And with crystal brim the cup.
From her haunts of deep seclusion,
Let intemp'rance greet her too,
And the heat of his delusion
Sprinkle with this mountain dew.

Water leaps, as if delighted,
While her conquered foes retire!
Pale contagion flies affrighted
With the baffled demon, fire!
Safety dwells in her dominions,
Health and beauty with her move,
And entwine their circling pinions
In a sisterhood of love.

Water shouts a glad hosanna!
Bubbles up the earth to bless!
Cheers it like the precious manna,
In the barren wilderness.
Here we wondering gaze, assembled
Like the grateful Hebrew band,
When the hidden fountain trembled,
And obeyed the prophet's wand.

Round the aqueducts of story,
As the mists of Lethé throng,
Croton's waves, in all their glory,
Troop in melody along.
Ever sparkling, bright and single,
Will this rock-ribbed stream appear,
When posterity shall mingle,
Like the gathered waters here.

In the evening, the Astor house, the museums, and other public buildings, were brilliantly illuminated, the bells rung, and bands of music played. So ended this sunny, happy day, which everybody seemed to enjoy. It was estimated that 400,000 people were out, yet I saw but one person in any degree intoxicated. It was a worthy commemoration of the introduction of the Croton water; an era in the history of temperance, cleanliness, and health; costly to the rich, but an unmeasurable blessing to the poor.—L. M. C.

PITHY REASONS.—One of our agents sends the following request from a subscriber in Connecticut. We forbear to mention name and place, lest he should think the thing does not look so well in print, as it may in the shady corner of his own mind:

"——, wishes to have his Standard discontinued, for the following reasons: 1st. Because he cares nothing about the negroes. 2d. Because he dislikes a woman editor. 3d. Because, if he continues to receive the paper, his wife and children *will* read it."

☞ The communication from Thomas Earle came too late for insertion this week, without much inconvenience. It shall be inserted entire in our next paper.

Anti-Slavery Items.

A COLONIZATIONIST—HEAR HIM!—Ralph Randolph Gurley, the well-known agent of the American Colonization Society, says:

"A greater act of *iniquity* was never committed, than Great Britain perpetrated, when she set the 800,000 slaves of her West India colonies at liberty."

It must be a relief to a man to let out his *real* feelings once in the course of years.

GOOD NEWS.—We learn from the Western New-York papers, that more than two-thirds of the colored people in Buffalo, have signed the temperance pledge.

AN AMERICAN REASON FOR ASSAULTING THE INNOCENT.—A watchman was lately placed at the bar in New Orleans, charged with unprovokedly assaulting and striking a citizen with a club, while peaceably walking the street. He pleaded guilty, but urged in extenuation, that he "mistook the gentleman for *a person of color*."

RUNAWAYS—ONE THOUSAND AND FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—I have not heard from mine, as advertised in the National Intelligencer during September past. In addition to those therein described and named, my young lad called HANSON, and sometimes FRANK, left me on the night of the 26th ultimo. He is a mulatto, rather dark, about 20 years old, common size, moderate intellect; took away a black cloth coat, other clothing not recollected. He has been often sent to the Washington market with vegetables. I have now five males and one female that have left me *without cause known to me*.

For their arrest and confinement in any jail so that I can get them again, I will give two hundred dollars each for the men, if taken in a free State; and fifty for the woman; or one-half, no matter where taken. Forged certificates of freedom, with good imitations of official seals, are common.

NOTLEY MADDOX.
Near Washington, D. C.

We copy this advertisement from the National Intelligencer, without charge. We have before advertised the *five* who ran away from happiness. What more can we do for you, Mr. Maddox? One thing we will engage to do; if we hear of any or all of them, safely beyond your reach, we will be sure and let you know. After all, we pity you; and that without joking. A wicked government, and a false public opinion, have taught you to regard that as property, which never can *be* property; and it must be disheartening to lose it so fast. You say they ran away "without any *cause*" known to you. You live there in Washington, the capital of a *republic*; and you have doubtless heard it repeated that men have a right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Did this never suggest to you any *cause* why a *slave* should run away?

THE SUFFRAGE PARTY.—William Goodell, in a letter to Willian L. Garrison, says: "In order to weigh fairly the demerits of the suffrage party, you should not have omitted to mention, that while consenting to the insertion of the word "*white*," in their constitution, they inserted a clause, providing that the question of erasing it should be immediately submitted to the *people*; and that this was done with the confident expectation, on the part of the leading suffrage men, that it would be done. It should be known, too, that one prominent reason why very many of the suffrage men *rejected* the LANDHOLDERS' constitution was, because it contained that same obnoxious word "white," *without* providing for its alteration by the people, but placing *all* amendments of the constitution out of their power. In justice to all the parties, this fact should be borne in mind. I am willing, nevertheless, to believe the moral wrong of inserting that distinction into the instrument at *all*, was deserving of a more severe rebuke than my pamphlet contains."

WALLER FREEMAN.—We have mentioned this man as formerly the "*property*" of the *Honorable* George E. Badger, Secretary of the Navy, and formerly a *northern* man. Waller became free by paying his master $750; but the *Honorable* Mr. Badger still kept his wife and six children, and refused to let him have them, unless he could raise $1800, and bring to him as ransom. He has not been ashamed to let Waller Freeman go begging through the free States, proclaiming his eternal disgrace, by telling the story of himself and family. And the hard-working farmers and mechanics, out of pity for the poor slave, have contributed the sum required by the *honorable* Mr. Badger. A clergyman gave "One dollar; a *present* to the *Hon.* George E. Badger, for letting a woman and six children go to their husband and father."

THE WHOLE MAN *versus* THE "WHOLE HOG."—In 1836, as Dr. Cox was travelling by stage in Central New-York, in the course of conversation upon a variety of topics with his fellow-passengers, a Presbyterian elder from the western States thus addressed him: "Well, Dr. Cox, I like your sentiments on all these subjects, exceedingly well. But there is one thing in which I cannot agree with you—I cannot '*go the whole hog*' of abolition!"

"*The whole hog?*" retorted Dr. Cox. "I do not ask you to go the whole *hog*. I only wish you to go the whole man! That's the difference between us, on the subject." (A roar of laughter, at the elder's expense, burst from the whole company.) The Doctor continued—"It is *slavery*, sir, that goes the 'whole *hog*.' It takes human beings, formed in the image of God, and treats them, as if they were swine! The abolitionists, sir, *goes the whole man!* He looks on with the intelligence of a whole man, and the heart of a whole man! and, sir, he rebukes the 'whole hog' with the spirit of a whole man!"—*Zion's Watchman.*

Married,

On Fourth-day, the 12th of 10th mo. according to the order of the Society of Friends, at the house of Isaac Secor, Mamaroneck, BENJAMIN MOTT, of Manhasset, L. I. to ELIZA ANN SECOR, of the former place.

Died,

At Flushing, on the 11th of 10th mo. MOTT HICKS, in the 77th year of his age.

At Manhasset, on the 15th of 10th mo. ROBERT M. HICKS, brother of the above, in the 43d year of his age.

On Seventh-day morning the 15th instant, REBECCA, youngest daughter of Amos and Margaret Preston, of West Grove, Chester county, Pa. in the sixteenth year of her age. The cause of the slave was very dear to her sympathetic heart, and among her schoolmates and young companions she earnestly strove to excite an interest correspondent with her own. She endured her protracted sufferings with great fortitude and resignation, and the sweet impressions made by her pure and gentle spirit, remain an enduring memorial in the hearts of her sorrowing friends; and though she has passed away in her morning sweetness, she has left behind the consoling evidence that she has not lived in vain.

THE ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR PLAN.

The following Resolution was unanimously passed at the late Annual Meeting:

Resolved, That a "ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR" Subscription List be commenced, and that Individuals, Parties, Societies, and Towns, be earnestly requested to be parties thereto.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account.

Amount previously acknowledged, $5,700

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 10th mo. (October) 18th.

Received for the Standard.—The following persons each paid $2:—J. W. Pillsbury, Pepperell, Mass.; Codding & Booth, Meriden, Ct.; Horace Perry, Bellville, Jefferson co. N. Y.; E. Hibard, Randolph, Vt.; Abel Randall, Shoreham, Vt.

E. Sprague, $1 67, C. Shaw, $1 67, L. S. Ford, $1 66, and W. P. Clark, O. Orcult, Jones & Dawson, William Field, Q. Terrell, 20 cts. each, all of North Abington, Mass.; Thompson, Ct. package, $1 67; Herbert Scarboro, Brooklyn, Ct. $1 50; E. S. Bennet, Canterbury, Ct. $1 67.; John Kilbon, Springfield, Mass.; $5.

Donations.—A friend 1 cent, do. 15 cents, One apron, Lebanon, Ct. $1; do. do. 87c.; One bonnet, do. 50c.; Nelson Higgins Chaplin, Ct. 50c.; A friend, do. $1; A friend, Willimantic, $5; do. Windham, $1; do. Ashford, Ct. $1.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas'r.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

Terrible Fire in Liverpool.—A fire more destructive than the memorable one of 1802. 37,474 bales of cotton were consumed, estimated at the enormous sum of £337,-266. The warehouses, sheds, and other property destroyed with it, added to this sum, is supposed to make a loss of £500,000! The fire was seen for thirty or forty miles, by vessels working up the channel. The fire broke out in the engine-house of a bonedryer and drysalter, the fire having been left in to keep the steam up. Twenty or thirty men were killed under the ruins, and many mutilated.

Great Britain.—The trouble in the manufacturing districts has not entirely subsided. The power-loom weavers of Manchester, are still out, and refuse every overture made to them by the masters. Thousands of them hold open air meetings, nearly every day, which are compelled to be dissolved by pressure from the police, or charges of cavalry.

The chartists have now a daily paper, a weekly, and a provincial one; and Fergus O'Conner has announced his intention of starting a monthly magazine, the profits of which are to be devoted to the progress of the cause. Unfortunately, their ranks are divided. Some are wise enough to see that their real strength lies in Moral Power, peacefully but vigorously exerted. Others are for resorting to Physical Force; and these are again divided into followers of Fergus O'Conner, and Brantierre O'Brien. Joseph Sturge is spoken of as at the head of the moral power chartists.

Enterprise marching Eastward.—Mahemet Ali has assured the French engineer, Mongel, that he wished to realize the dream of his life, the junction of the Red sea and the Mediterranean, by means of a canal. For this purpose the Pasha had written to Mr. Brunel, the engineer who executed the Thames Tunnel, proposing to him to undertake this work.

Mr. O'Connell was at Cork, according to the last accounts, in the enjoyment of the most perfect health. The Pope has just presented him with a gold cross for his services to the Church of Rome. Ireland is perfectly tranquil.

German Philanthropy.—In the town of Zablagen, Wirtemburg, there has been lately opened a new printing establishment by M. Theodore Helgeraad. All the compositors and pressmen are deaf and dumb, to the number of 196, eleven of whom are women. They have all been educated, at his own cost, to the employment they are now engaged in. The king has conferred on him a large gold medal for this great reclamation from the social and moral waste.

Missionaries leaving Liberia.—"Sailed from Cape Palmas, on the 16th of May, the brig Grecian, Lawlin master, for Gaboon river, having as passengers, Rev. Messrs. Wilson and Griswold, missionaries of the A. B. C. F. Misions, on a tour of inspection."

Gaboon river empties into the Atlantic, about 28 miles North of the Equator, in the Pongo country. The natives in that neighborhood are said to be "bold and hardy;" and Mr. Wilson contemplates establishing a mission among them.

Cuba.—A terrible gale did great mischief on this island, about the middle of September. The coffee plants were demolished to a great extent; the plantain trees were laid on the ground as though a great weight had been rolled over them, and the maize crops were completely destroyed. The crops of the island will be immensely shortened by the destruction of this equinoctial gale.

A letter from Havana, received at Charleston, S. C. says: "Your new tariff is much against our sugar planters. The duty on sugar and molasses, at the present prices here, is fully 100 per cent. This once favored island, we are sorry to say, is down for the present, and cannot rise again, but with the rise in the value of its productions. The present distress of the planters is so great, that they are compelled to turn their attention to growing their own provisions.

Texas.—The Texans are trying to make a treaty of peace with all the Indians on her borders. The chiefs of all the tribes have engaged to meet Texan commissioners at the falls of the Brazos on the 24th instant.

How long will the treaty be kept, when it is convenient to break it?

General Items.

Dueling.—A duel has lately been fought between two midshipmen, attached to the Texas brig-of-war, Wharton. The weapons, pistols; distance, ten paces. At the first fire, a ball passed through the body of one, and he died soon after. His name was Culp, from Kentucky. The following letter was found in his pocket after death:

"*Thoughts before fighting a duel.*—Can any one sit down and coolly and calmly think on death, without a thrill vibrating every nerve? To think that only a few, very few moments may elapse before his immortal soul will be winging its flight to worlds unknown, and knows not whether it will take its place amidst a bright throng of angels, or drag its weary way to the dark and fiery abyss prepared for such us I! My God! Such thoughts are enough to rack the soul, and make the stoutest nerves quail—to bring the haughty and proud to their knees, and in humble penitence and supplication, ask forgiveness of the God who made him! *I am morally and religiously opposed to dueling.* It does not prove that one is a gentleman, or a brave man; neither does it give satisfaction for an insult; for to receive an insult and a ball also, is very poor satisfaction to a man of feeling and of honor. Almost any man can raise physical courage enough to fight a duel; but few, alas! too few, are possessed of moral courage sufficient to stem the tide of public scorn, and walk erect through the myriads of hisses spit out by those who are too low in the scale of virtue and morality to respect it in any shape.—I trust and pray that the public will not condemn the course that I have pursued. There are situations, times, and occasions, when men must act with boldness and firmness, to *command* respect from those among whom they are thrown. Into such a one am I thrown; and I sincerely trust that God will forgive me for the course I have pursued. FIELDING R. CULP."

Engagement with a Slaver.—The boats of H. B. M. brig Roller, (Rolla?) have lately had a severe rencontre with the Volladore. The Volladore has made some half dozen successful trips, each time carrying a full cargo of slaves. The Roller fell in with her a few days ago, and attempted to board her with her boats. She remained perfectly quiet until the boats went alongside, when the men on board opened a galling fire upon them with heavily charged blunderbusses. Eight of the Roller's men, including one or two officers, were severely wounded, and the boats forced to retire precipitately. The Volladore is remarkably swift, and of course escaped.

A few days before the engagement referred to in the above, the Roller was engaged in destroying a slaving establishment at Soolima. (Soulima?) The destruction was effected, but at the same hour, a cargo of slaves was shipped off about thirty miles to the windward, from a point which the Roller, up to that period, had been investing in close blockade for some two or three months.

Fire in Portland, Me.—Houses covering about three acres, in one of the most beautiful and valuable parts of the city, have been burnt down. The progress of the flames was stopped by pulling down the neighboring buildings.

Melancholy Accident.—Mr. Augustus Machold, of Crawford county, Ohio, attempting to descend into a well he had been digging, fell senseless from the effects of what are called the *damps*. His wife called Mr. Jacob, a neighbor, who went into the well, and fell senseless in the same way. A young man, by the name of Charles Scheller, ran to their rescue, and met the same fate. His father rushed in after him, with the same result. At last they did what ought to have been done in the beginning—they cleared out the noxious gas, by means of letting down fire into it. The bodies were taken out as quick as possible; but young Scheller was the only one that could be resuscitated. It is always prudent to let down a blaze into a well before descending into it.

Consul at Havana.—Gen. Robert Campbell, formerly member of Congress from South Carolina, and subsequently a citizen of Georgia or Alabama, succeeds Mr. Calhoun, as consul at Havana. They are always careful to keep a slaveholder at *that* port.

Florida.—The Indians lately attacked a party returning from St. Augustine to Toachatka. Mrs. Hern was riding on horseback, and her little daughter was riding with Mrs. Crum. Mr. McDonald, who was driving, received a severe wound, but made his escape. Mrs. Crum was murdered; but the mother managed to catch up her child and escape.

Poisoning a Family.—The Rockville (Md.) Journal states that two blacks have been committed to the county jail, for attempting to poison the family of Mr. Wm. Clemens, near that place. The poisonous substance was placed in the coffee, and those of the family that partook of it were immediately taken sick, without knowing the cause. A purgative was, however, administered by a physician in attendance, and relieved them from danger. The girl acknowledges the intention, but pleads that she was forced to do it by the boy, who procured the poison, and acted as her accomplice.

Noble Conduct Rewarded.—Mr. Fox, the British minister resident at Washington, transmitted to the Hon. Daniel Webster, on the 18th ult. six gold medals, bearing the portrait of her majesty the queen of England, which, he says in his letter accompanying them, the British government desires to present to the following named commanders of United States vessels, in acknowledgment of the services rendered by them in saving the lives of British seamen, subjects of her majesty: Capt. Depeyster, Capt. James A. Wootton, Capt. T. B. Cropper, Capt. W. C. Thompson, Capt. Alexander S. Palmer, and Capt. Stoddard.

All of the above are captains of New-York packet ships, who at various times rescued British seamen and vessels from perilous situations.—*New-York Tribune.*

NOTICES.

C. C. BURLEIGH IN PHILADELPHIA.

Charles C. Burleigh will deliver a lecture before the Junior Anti-Slavery Society, next Saturday evening, the 22d inst. at 7 o'clock, in the *Juliana Street Church*. He will also deliver another lecture in the same place, and at the same hour, on the evening following.

As the building which is to be occupied has been hired at considerable expense, and as it is important in other respects that these meetings should be *largely attended*, all who read this notice are desired to use their exertions to have as many of their friends and acquaintances present as possible.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF WINDHAM Co. Ct.

Dear Friends:—A county convention will be held at Hampton, commencing on Tuesday, November 1, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Charles C. Burleigh, James Monroe, and other distinguished advocates of humanity will be present.

Business of great importance will come before the meeting; and among other things, arrangements will be made to hold a great STATE CONVENTION some time next month, at which several eloquent and devoted friends of the rights of man from other States will be present.

Let there be a general rally of the tried and true-hearted. Other States are moving forward rapidly in the cause of Freedom, and will Connecticut remain behind? Friends, what say you?

Yesterday, I attended a county meeting at Brooklyn, and was truly rejoiced to meet with the warm-hearted anti-slavery friends, who were there assembled. The meeting was an interesting one, and a spirit was manifested to prosecute with renewed energy, and a re-dedication of heart, the great work of lifting up their brethren and sisters from the deep pit of slavery, into which they have been wickedly thrown.

Sophia L. Little was present, and opened her mouth for the dumb, most emphatically and effectually. If we had a few more such women in Connecticut, I trust the public sentiment of that State would be speedily regenerated. J. C. HATHAWAY.

RHODE ISLAND STATE A. S. SOCIETY.

The seventh annual meeting of the Rhode Island State Anti-Slavery Society will be holden at Providence, commencing on Wednesday, Nov. 16th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. It is hoped there will be a full attendance of abolitionists from all parts of the State. Several friends from abroad are expected to be with us, and the meeting will doubtless be one of much interest.

GEO. L. CLARKE, *Cor. Sec.*

N. B. The attention of abolitionists is particularly called to the notice which follows, of the *Ladies' Fair*, to be held at the time of the annual meeting.

The anti-slavery women of Providence, who are engaged in preparations for the State Fair, would take this occasion to remind the country friends, that the sale will take place at the time of the annual meeting. They are affectionately invited to participate in the labors and enjoyments of the occasion, and to accept the assurance that they will be cordially welcomed to our hospitality during the anniversary week. Those who are to furnish tables, are requested to be in the city on *Tuesday*, and to stop at FRANKLIN HALL, where the sale will be held, and where they will find friends in readiness to receive them. It is desirable that a plentiful refreshment table should be provided, and we look to our country friends for whatever offerings they may be pleased to bestow, in the form of fruits, vegetables, meats, &c. Articles of this description may be left at the anti-slavery rooms, 14 1-2 Westminster street, at any time previous to the meeting.

An adjourned meeting of the Union Free Produce Society, will be held in Oxford (Friends) meeting-house, on First-day, 23d inst. at 2 o'clock, P. M. Those friendly and unfriendly to the cause, are respectfully invited to attend. BENJAMIN KENT, *Rec. Sec.*

The stated meeting of the managers of the above society will be held the 4th First-days, in the 11th and 5th months, at 2 o'clock. P. M.

TAKE NOTICE!

County Conventions of the abolitionists in Western New-York will be held in the following places, on and after the 12th of August; to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Oneida county, Rome, Oct. 21, Friday. Hudson, &c. to be present.

Otsego county, Cooperstown, Oct. 25, Tuesday. Tucker, &c. to be present.

——— county, ———, Oct. 28, Friday. Hudson, Tucker, Kelley, Douglas, Ferris, Smith, Bostwick, and Weed.

E. D. Hudson, Jacob Ferris, and —— Weed, will lecture in the upper tier of counties, preparatory to the conventions; and J. N. T. Tucker, —— Smith, and N. Bostwick, will lecture in the lower tier of counties, preparatory to the conventions. Abby Kelley and Frederic Douglas will lecture in the places of holding the conventions, preparatory to their being held, and will attend the conventions in both tier of counties.

Letters and papers may be directed to the places where each set of agents will be present at the conventions.

*** J. N. T. Tucker will labor for some time in the anti-slavery cause, in the counties of Cayuga, and Oswego. His post office address is Sennet, Cayuga co. N. Y.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The fourth annual meeting of the American Free Produce Association will commence its sessions in Philadelphia on the morning of 6th day, (Friday) the 21st of the 10th month, (October).

All persons who feel an interest in this important, yet much neglected branch of the anti-slavery reform, are invited to be present. It is hoped there will be a full representation of consistent, abstaining abolitionists. We cannot promise to our friends, as an inducement for them to attend, the presence of eloquent speakers, for we know not as yet who will be there; but we invite them to come, as we would invite the attendance of the members of a family to talk over family affairs, and consult together for the promotion of the interests of all. Our object is to make abolitionists consistent—to discourage, in every form, the use of slave labor, and to encourage compensated toil. Come, then, all who feel interested in the promotion of this object—come and cheer us with your presence, and aid us by your counsel. Due notice will be given of the building in which the meeting will be held.

Anti-slavery papers, and all others friendly to our object, are requested to give due publicity to the above.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, *Rec. Sec'y.*

*** It will be observed, that this is a few days later than the usual date of our meeting—the executive committee had sufficient reasons for believing such postponement desirable.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE.

The announcement of the annual Fair, held by the Philadelphia Female A. S. Society, has perhaps come to be regarded by you as a thing of course; and the Fair as an occurrence which will take place as certainly without your agency as with it. Our object in addressing you is to inform you that the success of this enterprise depends very much on yourselves, and to solicit your effort in its behalf. Although its management is in the hands of the Philadelphia Female A. S. Society, yet as its proceeds are devoted to the general interests of the cause, in its prosperity you are all concerned, and we confidently appeal to you for aid in its preparation. Time, skill, industry, money, are all requisite; and of these you are entreated to give according to your abundance. All can contribute something, and if every abolitionist would but give what may be conveniently spared, the pecuniary and other good results of our next Fair might be tenfold greater than those of any preceding one. But lest *all* should not be sufficiently zealous, let some working abolitionists make large demands on their convenience, and some sacrifice of time and money, if need be, comparing their toil with that of the slave, for whose sake they willingly endure it. In these "hard times" let not our first retrenchments be in our charities.

The community is so familiar with the details of Fairs, that it can scarcely be necessary to mention the various k

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

A Chief Bulwark of American Slavery.

"We have heard of slavery as it exists in Asia, and Africa, and Turkey—we have heard of the feudal slavery, under which the peasantry of Europe have groaned from the days of Alaric until now; but excepting only the horrible system of the West India Islands, we have never heard of slavery in any country, ancient or modern, Pagan, Mahommedan, or Christian, so terrible in its character as THE SLAVERY WHICH EXISTS IN THESE UNITED STATES."—*Seventh Report of the Am. Colonization Society*, 1834.

"*Slavery, as it exists at the present day*, is agreeable to the order of Divine Providence."—REV. G. W. FREEMAN, *in a sermon preached in November, 1836—and published with the endorsement of the* RIGHT REV. BISHOP IVES, *of North Carolina.*

"The ill advised, absurd, and malignant philanthropy of abolitionism."—RIGHT REV. BISHOP BOWEN, *of South Carolina.*

And is it so? The Church of God!
Tramples she, too, as on a clod,
The weary slave!
Heart-broken, friendless and alone,
With throngs to strike, but scarce an one
That cares to save.

That mammon's greedy vassals, all
Who of selfish lust obey the call,
Thro' sin's wide range,
Should be cursed with hearts full stern and cold,
To sell their fellow-men for gold,
Is nothing strange.

But that the pastor, o'er whose head
Have consecrated hands been laid,
And word been given,
To feed Christ's lov'd and ransom'd flock:
That *he* should boldly dare to mock
That voice from Heaven—

That the high Bishop and the Priest,
The first and greatest to the least,
Should join their hands
With those who tear and slay the sheep,
By Heaven committed them to keep
In love's own bands—

Those who at God's holy altar,
With guarded tongue, that did not falter
And knee bent low,
To be ever kind and merciful,
And like their Master pitiful,
Did humbly vow—*

That these should fear not to forget
The seal upon their souls then set
Forevermore,
Is a marvel and a burning shame,
More dread to hear—more sad to name,
Than aught of yore.

The heathen Priests of other days,
Untaught in holy Christian ways,
And darkly blind,
'Tis true, shed human blood like water,
And pray'd and worshipp'd 'mid the slaughter
Of their own kind:

But from great BELUS of the East,
And Lybian AMMON, or his Priest,
Truth did not come;
And old Egyptian ISIS—she,
And the far Syrian ASTARTE,
Were also dumb.

The Hindoo devotees of BRAHMA,
BUDDHA, KRISHNA, VISHNU, RAMA,
No wiser yet;
Blind were the VEDAS,† and the page
Of ALCORAN, and dark the age
Of MAHOMET.

So too the wooden JUGGERNAUT,
And the cunning idols aptly wrought
To shapes uncouth;
And the fiery orb, to whose bright glory,
In sunny lands are offerings gory,
Teach not the Truth.

But *our* God, is the mighty Lord!
The Heavens and earth obey his word;
And at his will
The deeply-seated hills do rock,
Lightnings flash, and earthquakes shock—
The sea is still.

High in the Heavens he rears his throne,
But his presence is not found alone
In realms above;
Of space he fills the utmost part,
And ever dwells in the Christian heart—
His name is LOVE.

The sons of men his children are,
Each soul more precious than the star
That lights our even;
For them this beauteous world he wrought,
Their ransom with his son he bought,
To live in Heaven.

Brother he made them, one and all—
And no dividing line or wall
Can e'er be built,
By which mankind may hate each other,
Or brother trample upon brother,
Unless with guilt.

Then who is he of Christian birth,
That dares to prostrate to the earth
His brother man?
To crush the soul which God hath given
And bar the blessed light of Heaven,
By slavery's ban?

Who dares reverse the eternal Word,
Which made the man creation's Lord,‡
The slave of none?
Which said of old, obedience pay
To God, and humbly Him obey,
And Him alone?

Rebels against the majesty
Of Him that fills eternity,
Well doth God say,§
If I'm a master, where's my fear?
If a father, then my children dear,
Lo! where are they?

Chattels and slaves are they become,
Amid sin and sorrow their dreary home;
And Christian men
Are the tyrants dark, that bow them low,
And feed with bitter drafts of wo,
These poor heathen.

Bishop and Priest, from scripture page,
Prove to an unbelieving age,
How very right
To buy and sell the sons of God,
And bow them 'neath the curs'd rod
Thro' life's dark night!

Ay! truly slavery 's but a scruple
Of deeds for which we find example
In days gone by;
For Jacob's sons their brother sold,
And Judas his master betrayed for gold,
Without a sigh.

And since that High and Holy one,
The triune Father, Spirit, Son,
Hath said to thee,
"Whate'er to my brethren here ye do,
For evil or good, for joy or rue,
Ye do to me"—

Then, apostolic Bishop, thou,
And all who at slavery's altar bow,
Why laud ye not,
From Cain, the earliest transgressor,
By far your greatest predecessor,
Iscariot?

He sold for money the Holy one,
The sov'reign God, the eternal Son—
And ye have sold
His begotten sons, who shall live for aye,
When the stars are fallen from the sky,
For paltry gold.

Look at thy robes! they're sprinkled o'er
With hideous spots of clotted gore;
And there remains
The price of blood in thy pastoral scrip;
Thy crook is naught but a cursed whip,
With human stains.

Oh! read again thy solemn vows
To Christ, and to his earthly spouse,
The Church below!
Bethink ye of the Judgment day,
And what to God ye then can say,
For treachery now.

Think of the many who shall stand
At the Almighty's leftward hand,
That were thy sheep!
Think of the Hell, to which are driven
The living souls, that once were given
For thee to keep!

And trembling at the awful thought
Of those whom Jesus' blood hath bought,
By thee betrayed,
Drop on thy knees, and there confess
Thy sins with humble penitesse,
And ask for aid,

To stand erect in ghostly strength,
And in the wondrous breadth and length
Of God's command,
To remember here the poor forgotten,
And know in slaves, the sons begotten
By his right hand:

To open wide the prison gate,
That all who in sad bondage wait,
The poor opprest,
May drop the burden they have borne,
The griefs that anguished hearts have torn,
And find late rest;

To hasten on the glorious day,
When each to each shall no more say,
"Know thou the Lord?"
But like waters that o'erflow the sea,
Shall the mighty spread of knowledge be
Of his great Word.

Let the Church arise in Heaven-born might,
To condemn the Wrong, protect the Right,
And slavery's knell
Shall be heard to sound from East to West,—
Sweet harbinger of the captive's rest,
That tuneful swell!

New-York, June 23d, 1842. J.

* In the consecration of bishops, the presiding bishop asks the bishops elect:

"Will you show yourself gentle, and be merciful, for Christ's sake, to poor and needy people, and to all STRANGERS destitute of help?"

And to this touching question the solemn answer is,

"I will so show myself by God's help."—SEE "THE FORM OF ORDAINING A BISHOP," IN THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

† The *vedas* was the sacred book of the Hindoo mythology.

‡ "And God said, Let us make man in our image after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle AND OVER ALL THE EARTH, and over every creeping thing that CREEPETH upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him."—I. GENESIS 26, 27.

§ "A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master. If, then, I be a father, where is my honor; and if I be a master where is my fear? saith the Lord of Hosts unto you O priests that despise my name."—I. MALACHI, 6.

Miscellany.

From the Dial for October.

JOHN PIERPONT.

Proceedings of the Eccleiastical Council, in the case of the Proprietors of Hollis Street meeting-house, and the Rev. John Pierpont.

Before we proceed to the merits of this case, and in order to understand it the better, and come more successfully to our end, we must be allowed to say a word about the POSITION OF A MINISTER IN GENERAL. The real office of the Christian minister is twofold, abstract and concrete; namely, TO TEACH TRUTH, and TO PROMOTE GOODNESS. Here, then, is a speculative and a practical work to be done. Now, in each of these divisions, it is obvious that there is a positive work to be performed, sowing the seeds of truth and goodness. But, as the world is, a negative work also must be done, that of confuting falsehood and exposing crime. The soil must be ploughed before the seed is sown. He that says "truth is of God," though never so gently, says also, at least by implication, "a lie is not of God, but of the devil." If he goes seriously to work, while he says every day, "blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," he must, now and then, say likewise, "wo unto scribes, and pharisees, and hypocrites;" or, "except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the scribes and pharisees, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of God." Now, this negative work is very ungrateful to the best of men, but it must be done. Who does not sympathize with that man who said, "Would I were as good as Jesus! Then I could call men by their right names, and commit no sin?" No doubt, men no better than their brothers are always ready with their "wo unto you." Still, we repeat it, falsehood must be called *falsehood*, and sin, *sin;* wicked men be made to know they are wicked. This is a thankless task. We are sorry to say it, but the tellers of truth and promoters of goodness have rarely been popular till after death. "Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted?" may be asked in all ages. The prophets, that are honored in our day, were murdered in their own, because they told the truth and exposed lies. Diogenes, the cynic, if we remember rightly, says his father was banished because he marked bad money; always an invidious office, which is certain to diminish the revenue.

Now, a Christian minister, if he enters seriously into his calling,—the greatest of all human vocations,—must turn to one or to both of the divisions; to the *abstract* course of teaching truth, and combatting falsehood; or to the *concrete* course of promoting goodness and exposing crime, in what is called a direct and practical way. The speculative man inclines one way, the practical man the other. The true "scribe, well instructed unto the kingdom of heaven," of course does both.

We know there is a *tertium quid* sometimes heard of. A Christian minister who is not serious in his calling; one of those who "climb, and intrude, and steal into the fold," takes the general average of theological opinion in his district as the standard of truth, and the general average of popular virtue as the standard of goodness, and never goes beyond either; preaches profound, speculative sermons, (*sound* in more than one sense,) on the antiquities of the Jewish church; the color of the red heifer, it may be, or the size of the ark; the manner in which Noah collected and disposed the animals he preserved; the time when the High Priest went into the holy of holies, and the typical signification of all these mysteries to the present age; he preaches also smart practical sermons against obsolete vices, the worship of ancient idols; the sins of the Jewish sadducees and pharisees; against doubts that nobody shares, and extinct or unpopular classes of unbelievers. If he have still hours not occupied, and a mind that loves work better than the "rock of a too easy chair," and sleep after dinner, he busies himself with the trifles of literature; makes "collections" of "puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux;" dabbles in the history of everything but morals and religion; plays on the surface of some easy science; catches butterflies; collects epitaphs and conundrums; gathers antiquities.

Such a man "never gets into trouble." His pulpit is neutral ground, "like some free port of trade." Truth and falsehood shake hands; crime and goodness kiss each other. He is born for his tucker and his bib, and never sells his birthright. Good dinners are got ready for him, and "wine of a noble mark." "He is always on the right side;" while he lives, has the reputation of a "mild, inoffensive man, who hurts nobody," and has not an enemy in the village; a man who never meddles with exciting topics and matters too high for him. When he dies, it will be recorded of him, as of patriarchs before the flood, that "he lived, and begat sons and daughters." The great representative of this class was the famous Vicar of Bray.

Now, if a minister pursue either of the two courses first mentioned, he may "get into trouble." Yes, though he is "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." If he turn his attention to the speculative side, and ask, "what is truth?" then he must differ in some respects from the theological opinions of the public. He will differ just in proportion to his ability, activity, and honesty. He must then abandon his early prejudices as mistakes; expose theological errors; set forth truths not commonly accepted, and depart widely from the doctrines that public opinion declares sound. Then comes the question, Shall he disclose his convictions, or keep them to himself? If he is a serious man, he will do as Luther and Paul, and not "shun to declare the whole counsel of God," asking no question, whether public opinion will tolerate or condemn him. If the minister does this, he "gets into trouble." The Church,—and by this we mean in this place the great guardian of established *opinions*,—comes up to him, lays its hand on its ample conscience, and says, "Sir, you hurt our feelings. You don't believe as we do; not even as your father did before you. We shall not be responsible for your opinions, for we doubt your faculty for thinking. You are a dreamy, foolish person at best. Do turn your hand to some practical work, and leave speculation to us, whose business it is. It is better for you to give up thinking altogether, till you can think and feel as we do. We are good Christians, and would not disturb freedom of thought and speech for the world! Nay, we prize that above all things. But if you preach such opinions as we dislike, we will burn you alive, if we can, and at all events will give you a bad name in this life, and the expectancy of damnation in the next."

If, on the other hand, the minister takes the practical division of his work, turns his attention more to the doings than the doctrines of the public, he "gets into trouble" none the less. He comes to conclusions respecting the public virtue, which differ from the opinions commonly entertained, just in proportion to his ability, activity, and honesty. He sees the sin of society. Then the question comes, Shall he be silent? or when the watchman sees the evil coming, shall he cry aloud and spare not? He has great examples in favor of either course; but that of Paul and Luther in favor of speaking. If he publish his opinion, he comes in contact with the selfishness, the sensuality, and the sin of society. Then the world,—and by this is meant the great guardian of established usages,—comes up to him, lays its hand on its conscience,—broad and conspicuous organ,—and says, "Sir, you hurt our feelings. You have spilt our rum, and put out the fires of our distilleries. You say that we shall not murder the Indians, nor enslave the negroes, though we are Christians, and they but pagan dogs; that we shall not tyrannize over our brother men, nor make them bear our burdens and earn our bread, though we are richer, stronger, and more cunning than they. We are good Christians, but we get our living by what you call *sin;* we must get our living, and our way must be right, for it has always been followed 'from the beginning.' We love God,—that is, our religion; but you ask us to love men, which we can't do. We have faith, enough of that; but you ask works besides, and grace into the bargain. You hurt our feelings very much, and we can't be responsible for you any longer. We respect you for your learning and piety, but you are a dreamy, imaginative person, who know little about human nature. We think you had better turn your hand to doctrines, and give up practical affairs, leaving them to us, who understand them perfectly. If you will preach Christianity,—and we pay you for that,—pray confine yourself to its doctrines, and preach them with what freedom you will. We respect your holy calling, and have no doubt of your 'apostolical succession," and right to bind, and to loose and make men *believe* what you will; but let us *do* as we please. We are patient men; but when you talk about our wrong doings, and sins that we commit, we can't bear you, and we won't. Are we the only sinners in the world? If you will continue to tell us *our* faults and rebuke *our* sins, we will give you a bad name, and starve your wife and babies."

Now, if the minister takes both horns of the dilemma, exposes the falsehood of the popular doctrines, and the sin of the popular doings, his case is very hard. "Hungry ruin has him in the wind." The "church" and the "world" are out upon him in full pursuit. The "hue and cry" is raised. "Infidel," "atheist," screams the church. "Madman," "reformer," roars the world. "Away with such a fellow from the earth, crucify him, crucify him," exclaim both. "He hath blasphemed against Moses," says the one, "and against Cæsar," says the other. "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die."

The speculative or practical reformer has a sad time of it. Public opinion sets a bounty on compliance with the prejudices and sins of the time; invites men to say "peace, peace," when there is no peace. She looks among the simple ones, and discerns some young man devoid of understanding, passing near her corner, in the twilight, or the evening, or the black and dark night. She catches him, kisses him, and with impudent face says, "I have peace-offerings with me; this day have I paid my vows; therefore come I forth to meet thee, diligently to seek thy face, and I have found thee. I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with fine linen of Egypt. I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon; come in, let us solace ourselves with lies." With her much fair speech she causes him to yield; with the flattery of her lips she forces him. He goes after her as an ox to the slaughter; a fool to the stocks; a bird to the snare, not knowing it is for his life! She has cast down many wounded; strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, the descent to the chambers of death.

If a man resists the allurement, "he loses his usefulness," and then comes the *doctrinal* issue of truth *versus* the Church, or the *practical* issue of righteousness *versus* the world, or it may be the minister litigates in both suits. The manner in which such cases are tried by *men* is very plain; the sentence passed under the law of the Almighty he may read that runs, in the three most notorious instances of the Mosaic, the Christian, and the Protestant Reformation.

Now the "average" ministers take the average of opinions, and the average of morality, for their standard of truth and duty. Their ideal is the ideal of the mass of men, and of course is but little above the actual of the mass of men; at any rate is only a little higher degree of the same thing; the Christianity of the majority of pulpits is only the Christianity of society slightly idealized and elevated. Since, then, there is so little speculative or practical difference between the pulpit and the pews, quarrels between a minister and his people in general come from a want of prudence, rather than from a superabundance of wisdom or zeal on his part; and in *such* quarrels we think the minister is almost always the party to be blamed.

Now into this general and difficult position Mr. Pierpont entered, as he came into the Christian ministry; and what was a special mischief in the case, he came, as the "Result in Council" informs us, into a place where "the circumstances of his parish and the condition of things . . . were *peculiar, and such as called for a large measure and constant exhibition of that wisdom which is from above.*" Of course, then, to do justice in the premises, the general and essential difficulty of a minister's position is to be taken into the account, and the special and accidental difficulty of a position in the midst of such *peculiar* circumstances, as require a *large measure of wisdom from above.*

* * * * * * *

Is the pastor justifiable in all things? We think not. There is something that we must censure, several things we cannot understand; sometimes he pursues, as we think, an oblique course, when a straight one would better compass the end; he allows himself an indignant eloquence, which were better let alone; he gives blow for blow, and scorn for scorn; he does not speak gently. He rebukes sin more strongly than beautifully; we would try him by no vulgar measure, but by the absolute standard of ideal goodness. As a minister and as a man, he does not come up to the measure. It may be said, "His provocation was great." Nothing more true; but what then? The courage that will not stand fire is no courage for us; the Christian virtue which is not superior to ALL temptation, is no Christian virtue to our taste. For such departure from the true spirit and the true method let him be censured.

But are we speaking of angels? Let us see how other men of flesh and blood have done under similar circumstances. The prophet Jeremiah is a man held in some estimation by the Christian Church; but when men said, "Come, let us devise devices against Jeremiah," what did that prophet return for answer? "Give heed to me, oh Lord, and hearken to the voice of them that contend with me. Deliver up their children to the famine, and pour out their blood by the force of the sword, and let their wives be bereaved of their children, and be widows; and let their men be put to death. . . . Forgive not their iniquity, neither blot out their sin from thy sight, but let them be overthrown before thee." But that prophet was a *Jew;* let us now hear how a Christian minister, an "inspired" man, the very chiefest apostle, speaks in the New Testament. The magistrate commands the bystanders to smite Paul on the mouth. What says the apostle? "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall," &c. That was the way *flesh and blood* treated its opponents in the days of the Bible.

To take another case. There were *peculiar circumstances* in the early days of the Christian Church, and "a liberal measure" of divine wisdom *was* needed; but what says "a servant of God and the Lord Jesus," to men that committed a sin? "Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days! Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of those which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in the day of slaughter. Ye have condemned and killed the just, and he doth not resist you." Let the "pastor of Hollis street church" be condemned, if need is, for foulness of speech, but let it be remembered, how far the charge goes, and on what other names it shall rest. We would not excuse him, because Jewish and Christian reformers sinned with their lips in the same way. Let the camp of reformers be pure as the holy of holies; let no selfishness, nor violence, nor vengeance, be found in it, "to make the camp of Israel a curse." Are reformers warring on sin? Then let their hands be clean; let there be none of the "accursed thing" found in their tents. Is their cause glorious? Then the purer should be their hearts, and the holier their weapons. In the pirates' battle for gold, we look for false weapons and foul play; not in the saints' battle for the souls of mankind. We expect dirt on a butcher's frock; not on the wing of the angel, who comes down to trouble the pool of Bethesda, and make its waters healing to the impotent folk that lie in its gates.

But to speak humanly, there is no little palliation for the pastor. Let him be weighed in an even balance; his heroic virtues be matched with his faults. He has then nothing to fear. Honor to that man, who, in an age of selfishness and sin, lifts up a manly voice, and cries out against the actual crimes and oppressions of his own time, his own neighborhood, till the ears of sin tingle. There is a time when few lift up the hand against vice, because sin is popular. How warily some "temperance men" came up to beat the bush, years ago; how fearful were they of hurting the feelings of men that drank rum, sold rum, made rum! They were prudent men, and it was then doubtful how the issue would terminate! Now, when the victory is won, these men do the chief part of the shouting, and almost the whole of the denunciation, and, as we believe, are driving the temperance *party* to madness and ruin. Wine is the only devil, and wine-drinkers the only demoniacs with them! Oh, the shortness of human memories! The coward forgets where he was when blows were to be got.

Mr. Pierpont came forward as a reformer, a rare character in the pulpit, at a time when there were no honors to be won, no victory to be rejoiced in. The "peculiar circumstances" of his parish were rum-selling, rum-making, rum-drinking. The head and front of his offending, we honestly believe, is this—the crime of preaching against the actual sins of his own parish. An exciting topic, no doubt; it requires much of "the wisdom that cometh from above" to do the work well. He preached, as Paul at Ephesus, *against the idolatry of the place he was in;* and with a similar result. "Moreover, ye see and hear," said the opponents of the apostle, "that this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no Gods which are made with hands, so that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought, but also that the temple of the great goddess . . . . be despised. We do not place the opponents of Mr. Pierpont among idolaters. Some of them are men whose personal character is noble, beautiful, Christian; can we say more? We would go far to honor such men, and would repel any assault upon the general righteousness of their motives. But good men are sometimes deceived; wise men see not all things; it is difficult for most men to see anything wrong, in a calling which is sanctioned by the laws of the land, and which, more than all, brings money to their pocket. Certainly a *reasonable* allowance is to be made in such instances.

Let the case of the pastor be examined ever so minutely, by eyes howsoever partial, and it is only a few details that can be censured; the main parts of his course, when tried by the standard of Christianity, must be commended. The world and the Church have prowled about his parish; have hunted with hungry maw, through and through a ministry of twenty years' continuance; nothing was too little to escape their scrutiny; nothing too great for their assault; nothing too private for their examination. Yet, after all, what have they started and run down? There has been a great beating of the bush; baying and shouting enough, for a Persian hunting in the days of Cyrus; but they who have made this cry and ado, find but little game at the last. After all the "investigation," notwithstanding the pastor was in fact tried for offenses committed after the indictment was made out and presented; spite of the diligence displayed in searching for sins of omission and commission, the world and the Church have scraped together but a small amount of filth; enough to soil their own hands, not to bespatter the reputation of him at whom it has been thrown. "Well" says an ancient, "Gold shall be tried in the *fire*, but acceptable men in *the furnace of adversity!*" Both come out of the trial purer than before.

But we must bring our desultory remarks to a close, though we have still much to say. What judgment will an impartial man pronounce on the "Result in Council;" what on the conduct of the *clerical* portion of that council, who, we are told with but a few honorable exceptions, decline extending ministerial fellowship with the pastor, as formerly? The thing speaks for itself, and needs no declamation of ours. But there was a time when ecclesiastical councils ruled public opinion. When giants made the law, and applied it, few dared complain, and they got their bones broken for their pains. Now the case is different. Public opinion though often an unclean beast, is mightier than the breath of an ecclesiastical council. Had the state of things been different, had public opinion lifted up its seven heads and ten horns *against* the pastor, and not in his favor, we should have expected a very different "Result in Council." We cannot but fancy the latent venom of that most extraordinary paper would have been obvious and not to be mistaken. As a piece of diplomacy,—designed to serve many ends,—it strikes us as worthy of a college of Jesuits. Higher praise in the diplomatic line it were difficult to win. P.

SWIMMING MASQUERADE.

A letter from Berlin, dated August 3d., which we find in the New-York "Courier des Etats Unis," says:

"On Wednesday morning last, we were witnesses of an exhibition probably unexampled in modern time, at least in Germany—a swimming masquerade. It was got up by the pupils of the royal swimming school of Berlin, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of this establishment, which, up to the present time, has produced in all 23,360 skillful swimmers.

"At 5 o'clock, 1200 swimmers, for the most part military, assembled in the grand court of the barracks of the infantry of the guard, and after having been addressed by Messrs. Zinchen & Schottz, professers in the school, repaired to tents pitched on the banks of the river Spree, for the purpose of dressing for the sport. At 8 o'clock, there swam out into the river the following procession:—A large flat-bottomed boat, transformed into a bower, in which were four numerous military bands, performing favorite musical pieces; a car, in the form of a sea-shell, containing Neptune, with his hair and beard formed of sea weeds, and armed with his trident—the car being drawn by six dolphins, surrounded by nereids and tritons, the latter blowing trumpets and beating cymbals; a numerous troop of American Indians, their heads dressed with brilliant feathers, their necks and arms adorned with necklaces and bracelets of coral, and several of them armed with war-clubs; Scotchmen, Norwegians, Spaniards, Italians, and Russians, in their national costumes; Bacchus mounted on a gigantic barrel, crowned with vine and ivy leaves, and brandishing his thyrsis, with which he directed the movements of a hundred bacchantes, swimming around his throne, and executing grotesque evolutions; the king of the frogs, represented by a frog of enormous size, reposing on a car of seaweed, and followed by others of his race of smaller size; and the procession closed by two hundred sailors in their appropriate costume, singing national hymns.

"This extraordinary celebration, which was favored by delightful weather, attracted more than forty-thousand spectators, who traversed either on foot, horseback, or in vehicles, the banks of the Spree, or sailed along the river in boats tastefully adorned with flags, flowers, and garlands."

THE WISE IN HEART.

This phrase is met with nowhere except in the bible. Like other phrases of the "holy men of old" it has a deep and peculiar significance. It describes not the learned, not the gifted, not the profound, not the man of knowledge, nor the man of genius, nor the man of intellect. But it describes the man of pure intent, and simple faith; the man who loves the truth and the right; the man who walks straight onward in the path of duty, assured that it ends prosperously, because HIS FATHER bids him walk therein. This is heart-wisdom, in comparison of which all head-wisdom is mere folly. Not that head-wisdom is useless; but it needs to be associated with heart-wisdom, and to be subject to it. Let science explore the skies, and pierce the earth, and question nature everywhere, and bring to light all the secrets of existence; let history unfold the record of past ages, and teach lessons of experience; let art, with wonder-working power, analyze and combine whatever science has discovered or shall discover;—there is a still higher wisdom than this. It is the wisdom which teaches man his duty, and discovers to him the springs of happiness, and conducts him a willing pilgrim in the paths of purity and peace, through the valleys of humility and penitence, to the true life, not of the spirit only, but of the body also.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

A GOOD HIT.—A drunken man was lying on the ground, in front of a groggery. A passer-by, stepped in, and said to the shopkepper, "Sir, your *sign* has fallen down."

EXCUSE FOR ABSENCE FROM SCHOOL.—An urchin being detained from school one day by his mother, was furnished with the following excuse for absence, on returning to school, which explains the cause of his detention—"*Kepathometogoatatterin.*"

NON-COMMITTAL.—An old woman was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors, by the name of Jones, and with a very knowing look, replied, "Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbors; but, as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know,—but, a'ter all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a sort of a man as I take him to be."

IRISH COMPASSION.—An Irishman once riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that his horse was getting tired; whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes upon his shoulders, and again mounted, saying, "it was better that he should carry the *praties*, as he was fresher than the poor *baste*.

HISTORY OF WAR.—"I wish I owned all the pasture land in the world," said Bob. "Well, I wish I owned all the cattle in the world," said Ned. "How could you feed them?" asked Bob. "I'd turn them into your pasture," said Ned. "No, you wouldn't." "Yes, I would." "No, you *wouldn't*." "Yes, I *would*." "You *sha'nt!*" "I *will!*" and then came the fisticuffs;—and O, how they did fight!

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

Water-proof Boots and Shoes.—Take one pint of drying linseed oil, two ounces of yellow bees' wax, two ounces of spirits of turpentine, and half an ounce of Burgundy pitch; melt them over a slow fire, and thoroughly incorporate them by stirring. Lay this mixture on new shoes or boots, either in the sun, or at a moderate distance from the fire, and repeat the operation as often as they become dry, until they are fully saturated. The shoes should not be worn till the leather has become perfectly dry and elastic. They will be water-proof, and their durability increased.

To Prevent Glass and earthern from being Brittle.—When you buy a glass or earthern vessel, put it into a kettle of *cold* water let it heat *gradually* till it boils; then allow it to *cool* gradually, of itself, without taking out the glass.—Glasses treated in this way, when cold, may be filled with boiling water, without the risk of cracking. If the glasses are to be exposed to higher temperature than boiling water, boil them in oil.

Vials and bottles may be cleaned in this way with perfect safety. Boiling will not crack them, provided they are put in when the water is *cold*, heated gradually, and then cooled as gradually, without being taken out, or having any water poured in. If very dirty, put a little soap and sand, or ashes, into the vials when you first put them in.

Grape Vines in Winter.—The Maine Cultivator, recommends as a preservative from frost, a covering of hemlock boughs, as turning water better, and being more compact than straw, which is most generally used.

Wounds and Bruises on Horses.—Take one quarter of a pound of saltpetre, half a pint of vinegar, half a pint of spirits of turpentine; put them together in a bottle, and shake up before using. Apply it to the wound with a feather, three times a day.

The above was handed us by a highly intelligent friend, who assures us that it will be found a most efficient cure for sores on horses.

Gathering Potatoes.—Irish potatoes, if it is desirable to have them in all their excellence, should never have the sun shine on them after they are dug, and should be exposed to the air and light as little as may be. Potatoes pitted, or buried in holes in the field, retain their freshness and good qualities much later than those put in open bins in the cellar; and the farmer will always do well to have a few pitted for spring use. The necessity for this may in a great measure be obviated, by lining the bottom and side of a bin with turf, and when it is filled, covering it in the same manner. Potatoes will keep perfectly sound if placed so low in the earth as to have a temperature too low for vegetation. Experiments made in a compact soil on the north side of the buildings or walls, show that four or five feet will usually be sufficient; in a lighter or more porous soil, a greater depth is requisite. No water, in any case, should stand on potatoes, as it will soon destroy them. If potatoes are dug and pitted early, there should be an opening made at the apex of the heap, and filled with a wisp of straw, to keep out the rain, but at the same time to allow the heated air to pass off.

Turnips, ruta baga, &c. are among the easiest of roots to preserve. They should be left in the ground as long as consistent with safety from frost, then drawn and put in cellars of moderate or rather low temperature, or pitted in the field at once. The turnip will sustain a much greater degree of cold than the potato, without injury; but the heat has a worse effect upon it, and in saving this root, heating is what is mainly guarded against. A hole made in the top of the pits with an iron bar, to be covered with a flat stone when the cold grows severe, will permit the heated air to pass off and prevent danger from this source. In the experience of a number of years we have scarcely had a turnip lost by frost or by heating, either when pitted or in the cellar; a proof to us of the ease with which this root can be secured.

Carrots and beats, like the potato, require more care than the turnip, to prevent the effect of frost upon them. The best way we have yet tried upon them, is to pack them in bins or barrels, and strew fine earth among and over them, to exclude the air, and preserve a uniform temperature.

If your pigs have had the run of your orchard in September, they will be found doing well in October, and afford proof that apples are worth *something* to the farmer when not made into cider. The cheapest mode we have yet tried in fattening hogs, is with apples and potatoes steamed, always finishing with good, sound food, such as corn, peas, or barley. All food given to the hogs should be cooked; fruit and roots by steaming; grain or meal by boiling. If the latter is not convenient, the grain or meal should always be well soaked or mixed a little; it will be none the worse for it. Farmers who feed dry corn and peas to their pigs, pursue a very wasteful course, as they may easily ascertain by experiment. Where corn is fed, there is a great saving in having it ground in the cob, and particularly when fed to cattle or horses. From what we have seen, we think there is less advantage in cooking food for horses and cattle than for hogs, and that with such it rarely repays the expense. Grinding, however, where economy is consulted, will always be practised.—*Geneseo Farmer.*

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WM. P. POWELL, 61 Cherry street, will furnish at the lowest market prices, a superior quality of Peach-Orchard, Schuylkill, Lehigh, Lackawana, and Liverpool Coals. ☞Orders through the Post Office, and otherwise, if left at either of the following places, will be thankfully received, and promptly attended to,

At 143 Nassau street; 61 Cherry street; Office of People's Press, 9 Spruce street.

New-York, September 29, 1842.

NOTICE.

THE connection in business heretofore existing between the subscribers (Powell & Borden, 61 Cherry street) was dissolved by mutual consent, on the 10th inst. The affairs of the concern will be settled by us.

WM. P. POWELL,
NATHANIEL A. BORDEN.

New-York, September 17, 1841.

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William C. Betts, No. 43 Cherry Street.
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James Mott, No. 35 Church alley,
Committee on Manufactures.

8th mo. 4th, 1842.

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